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LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

FEBRUARY.

BY HENRIETTE A. HADRY.

(See Engraving in front.)

"I shall speak, then,
Of Februar' but lack;
The child is meek and weak of sp'rit,
Nothing can undertake.
So all the flowers, for lack of showers,
No springing up can make;
Yet birds do sing, and praise their king,
And each one choose their mate."

FEBRUARY comes cold, bleak, and cheerless in its aspect, sufficiently attesting, by frost and snow, that it is a month of winter, and little reminding us, by aught of genial blandness, that it is the last.

"As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling hours: she will arise
With new love within her eyes."

Leigh Hunt has observed, that if February were not the precursor of spring, it would be the least agreeable month of the year, November not excepted. But as the herald of this more favoured season, its "clammy mixture of cold and moisture" is rendered endurable. "Old Father Winter" has established a right to be excessively disagreeable

"To the world, when about withdrawing
With his old white wig half off his head,
And his icicle fingers thawing."

A term of three months is given to each of the seasons, but, in reality, the comforts and discomforts of winter monopolize the greater portion of that quarter of the year, marked in our almanacs, and written of by our poets, as Spring. Yet reluctant as he may be to resign

his place to a gentler successor, old Winter must go at last. And when tired of our fire-side joys, and wearied with his dreary presence lingering in the lap of May, we can poetically philosophize with Wither, on the necessity of contrast, and draw consolation therefrom.

"When all the years our fields are fresh and green,
With breathing flowers and sunshine every day,
When rosy hours for ever wing between
The heaven and earth, they heedless pass away.
The fulness and abiding of a blessing
But make us heedless of the present good;
And if they sometimes fly not our possessing,
Their inborn sweetness is not understood.
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing; and if tempests were not,
The blessings of a calm were cheaply bought:
For things save by their opposites appear not."

The name of February was given to the second month of the year by Numa, who succeeded Romulus as king of the Romans. It was dedicated to Neptune, lord of the waters. The zodiacal sign is Pisces, or the fishes. The Februa or Feralia, signified the sacrifices made to the manes of the gods at this time;—expiatory offerings that were to wipe out all transgressions.

"With whatso'er our hearts we hold
Are purified, was Februa termed of old."

Lustrations are from hence, from hence the name
Of this our month of February came;
In which the priests of Pan processions made;
In which the tombs were also purified
Of such as had no dirges when they died."

Putting aside things temporal, and their analogous counterparts in the past, and considered in a spiritual point of view only, an hour of serious thought given to the perusal of heathen mythology, and it becomes clearly manifest how one after another of our religious ceremonies and observances, may be traced to this source; differing somewhat in form, but bearing much of the same interpretation that would have been given by the Pagan priests to their corresponding rites. And not alone in form does this oneness exist. Our highest aspirations, and most treasured truths, are dimly echoed in the mysteries of their fabled faith. Beautiful blind yearnings for the infinite, struggling for light, for development, that now, freed from the mists of error and more clearly defined and understood, form the basis of our own worship. A world of poetical associations gives a melancholy interest to their ruined temples and altars, their dethroned gods and goddesses; but we have lost nothing by this desolation and extinction. All that was worth preserving will live for ever; let the rest perish.

"Truth is large, our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be;
Shame! to stand in this creation,
And doubt truth's sufficiency.

"What is just and true and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure,
All of praise that hath admonished,
All of virtue,—shall endure."

Candlemas day is celebrated on the 2d of February, and is regarded as a holiday, both by the Catholic church and by the Church of England. It is said to have been called Candlemas, because on that day, before mass, the Church blesses her candles for the ensuing year.

"When the whole earth and the skies
Are illumined with altar-candles,
Lit for blessed mysteries,
And a priest's hand through creation,
Waveth calm and consecration."

The Romans dedicated the month of February to the infernal Gods; and, as at the beginning of it, Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother, Ceres, sought her in the night, with lighted candles, the people celebrated this event annually, by forming processions, and walking about the city with candles. The Catholics did not attempt to abolish this custom, but more wisely conformed to the prejudices of the Romans, and turned it to good account. They ordained that, on that day,

candles should be "carried in honour of the Virgin Mary," and so perpetuated the observance. There is a prophecy concerning the weather, connected with Candlemas day, that is recorded in some of the old almanacs, marking it as unlucky if the sun shines clear:—

"If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight,
But if Candlemas day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again."

Another version runs thus:

"'Tis an omen bad,
The yeomen say,
If Phoebus shows his face
The second day."

Very superstitious were our ancestors, to place faith in such omens and prognostications; ay, and very superstitious were our ancestors, will be the verdict of posterity, when they smile over the record of some of the pet fantasies of the present generation.

The next day in February that claims our attention, is that dedicated to St. Valentine; a Roman priest who suffered martyrdom at Rome, about the year 270. "On the annual return of this day," says Elia, "the two-penny postman sinks under the weight of delicate embarrassments, other than his own. On this day, the bestuck and bleeding heart is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations, than an opera hat!" Douce, in his illustrations of Shakespeare, thus traces back the origin of sending Valentines.

"It was the practice of ancient Rome, during the greater part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named, Februata, Februales, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the Christian church, as a substitution, ordered that on St. Valentine's day, the 14th, the names of saints should be drawn instead."

In spite of this alteration and modification, the old custom did not fall into disuse. It is easy to perceive how much more popular the pagan mode of celebration would be, and how naturally men would choose, on that privileged day, in place of patron saint,

"The thing
That they call angel when they sing,
Young lady, when they speak in prose,"

and how naturally these earthly angels would reciprocate the favour. So at least has the festival been transmitted to us. Birds are said to choose their mates on this day, and very possibly they do; there is no authority to con-

tradict it. The votaries of Cupid and St. Valentine,—the great allied powers for the day—should remember that it is not only by a written missive the heart's selection can be made,

"But the first one we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

Bear witness poor Ophelia's song:

"Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine!"

Dickens, in his "Life in Italy," gives us a very amusing account of the Carnival at Rome; which is always celebrated during the week before Lent. This season of fantastical merriment, is doubtless a remnant of the Saturnalia,—an annual festival observed by the ancient Romans, in honour of Saturn, who was a very important deity, the father of Jupiter, and himself the child of Terra and Coelus, or Heaven and Earth. The name of Saturn signifies time. His reign was said to have been of unequalled luxury and freedom, and was talked of regretfully, as "The Golden Age." To symbolize a return to it, the Romans made unrestrained liberty the order of the day. This license of enjoyment, or enjoyment of license, extended to all classes of the people; and so far were conventionalities set aside, in the desire to illustrate equality and fraternity, that the very slaves were waited on by their masters, at their sumptuous feasts.

Dickens arrived at Rome in 1845, during the progress of the Carnival. His description embraces the last two days of this merry revel, in the amusements of which he participated. He says, "We caused two very respectable sacks of sugar-plums (each about three feet high), and a large clothes-basket full of flowers, to be conveyed to our hired barouche with speed," and then having put on small wire masks, to guard them against the discharges of confetti showered around them, they joined the gay procession, that both on foot and in every variety of vehicle, thronged the streets of Rome. The Corso, a street a mile long, was the centre of this scene of fun and frolic. "A street of shops, palaces, and private houses, with verandahs and balconies to almost every house—not on one story alone, but often to one room or another to every story, with so little regularity, that if year after year, and season after season, it had rained balconies, hailed balconies, snowed balconies, blown balconies, they could scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner."

Every building was richly decorated with drapery of the most sparkling hues; builders'

scaffoldings metamorphosed into temples glorious with scarlet, gold, and silver; "and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney-top, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled, like the light in water. Every bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets—quaint old 'stomachers,' more wicked than the smartest bodices—Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe gooseberries—tiny Greek caps, all awry and clinging to the dark hair, heaven knows how—every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish madcap fancy had its illustration in a dress, and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner in the tumult of merriment, as if the three old aqueducts that still remain entire had brought Lethe into Rome upon their sturdy arches that morning." The carriages were three or four abreast, all similarly freighted with flowers, and sugar-plums, and their occupants, as well as the maskers on foot, attired in fanciful or grotesque costumes. They would be frequently stationary for a long while, owing to the denseness of the crowd, but moving or not no time was lost. A spirited and untiring combat was kept up with their sweet and flowery missiles throughout the day, only interrupted by an occasional shout of laughter or applause, confusion worse confounding, when some peculiarly lucky hit, placed some peculiarly unlucky individual, in such ridiculous plight as to attract for a moment general attention. The Corso is cleared at half-past four o'clock, for a riderless horse-race, that takes place at five. Cannons are fired; there is a clapping of hands and roaring of the multitude; the goal is reached—the prizes given—and the day's sport is ended!

"But if the scene be bright, and gay, and crowded, on the last day but one, it attains, on the concluding day, to such a height of glittering colour, swarming life, and frolicsome uproar, that the bare recollection of it makes me giddy at this moment. The same diversions, greatly heightened and intensified in the ardour with which they are pursued, go on until the same hour. The race is repeated; the cannon are fired; the shouting and clapping of hands are renewed; the cannon are fired again; the race is over; and the prizes are won. But, the carriages: ankle-deep in sugar-plums within, and so beflowered and dusty without, as to be hardly recognisable for the same vehicles that they were, three hours ago: instead of scampering off in all directions, throng into the Corso, where they are soon wedged together in a scarcely-moving mass. For the diversion of the Moccoletti, the last gay madness of the carnival, is now at hand; and sellers of little tapers, like what

are called Christmas candles in England, are shouting lustily on every side, 'Moccoli, Moccoli! Ecco Moccoli!'—a new item in the tumult; quite abolishing that other item of 'Ecco Fióri! Ecco Fior—r—r!' which has been making itself audible over all the rest, at intervals, the whole day through.

"As the bright hangings and dresses are all fading into one dull, heavy, uniform colour in the decline of the day, lights begin flashing here and there: in the windows, on the house-tops, in the balconies, in the carriages, in the hands of the foot-passengers; little by little: gradually, gradually: more and more: until the whole long street is one great glare and blaze of fire. Then, everybody present has but one engrossing object; that is to extinguish other people's candles, and to keep his own alight; and everybody, man, woman, or child, gentleman or lady, prince or peasant, native or foreigner, yells and screams, and roars incessantly, as a taunt to the subdued, 'Senza Moccoco, Senza Moccoco!' (Without a light! Without a light!) until nothing is heard but a gigantic chorus of those two words, mingled with peals of laughter.

"The spectacle, at this time, is one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Carriages coming slowly by, with everybody standing on the seats or on the box, holding up their lights at arms' length, for greater safety; some in paper shades; some with a bunch of undefended little tapers, kindled altogether; some with blazing torches; some with feeble little candles; men on foot, creeping along, among the wheels, watching their opportunity, to make a spring at some particular light, and dash it out; other people climbing up into carriages, to get hold of them by main force; others, chasing some unlucky wanderer, round and round his own coach, to blow out the light he has begged or stolen somewhere, before he can ascend to his own company, and enable them to light their extinguished tapers; others, with their hats off, at a carriage-door, humbly beseeching some kind-hearted lady to oblige them with a light for a cigar, and when she is in the fulness of doubt whether to comply or no, blowing out the candle she is guarding so tenderly with her little hand; other people at the windows, fishing for candles with lines and hooks, or letting down long willow-wands with handkerchiefs at the end, and flapping them out, dexterously, when the bearer is at the height of his triumph; others, biding their time in corners, with immense extinguishers like halberds, and suddenly coming down upon glorious torches; others, gathered round one coach, and sticking to it; others, raining

oranges and nosegays at an obdurate little lantern, or regularly storming a pyramid of men, holding up one man among them, who carries one feeble little wick above his head, with which he defies them all! Senza Moccoco! Senza Moccoco! Beautiful women, standing up in coaches, pointing in derision at extinguished lights, and clapping their hands, as they pass on, crying, 'Senza Moccoco! Senza Moccoco!' low balconies full of lovely faces and gay dresses, struggling with assailants in the streets; some repressing them as they climb up, some bending down, some leaning over, some shrinking back—delicate arms and bosoms—graceful figures—glowing lights, fluttering dresses, Senza Moccoco, Senza Moccoco, Senza Moc-co-lo-o-o-o!—when in the wildest enthusiasm of the cry, and fullest ecstasy of the sport, the Ave Maria rings from the church steeples, and the Carnival is over in an instant—put out like a taper, with a breath!"

On the 22d of February, we celebrate the anniversary of Washington's birthday. This great national holiday is one of those rare and happy occasions, when patriotism is felt and spoken of, without reference to party. When all Americans unite in paying a just tribute to the memory of a great statesman and general. Thus even from the grave, does Washington's influence strengthen the bond of brotherhood among his countrymen; and in spite of clashing interests, call upon them again and again to remember that they are one people.

"Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
These hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves,
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on,
Oh, where shall be their glory, by the side of Washington.

"He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be their friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington."

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

(Continued from page 12.)

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by JOHN SARTAIN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



VIII.

JESUS CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

ALL the day long, He had been teaching, working miracles, healing the diseased, and comforting the broken-hearted. Scarcely has he laid down his weary head to rest, with Peter, James, and John near him, when he is suddenly aroused. A stranger is without, exceedingly anxious to speak to him. On being introduced, Nicodemus is at once overawed. He expected that the prophet of Nazareth would talk about himself, explain his miracles, his character, his mission. But, instead of this, he hears the strange announcement of the new birth.

"Oh, Rabbi, I cannot understand it, and I

cannot *believe* what I cannot *understand*. How can it be?"

"Every day you receive and believe things which you have not seen and cannot understand."

"Never, Master."

"Listen! What sound do you hear?"

"The mountain-wind, whistling through the valley of Jehoshaphat."

"When you can tell me whence that wind comes, and whither it goes, then I will make you to understand the operations of the Spirit. You have seen the breeze fan the flower gently, bowing gracefully its head, and causing it to give out its sweet fragrance, have you not?"

"Often, Rabbi."

"So the Spirit comes to a little child, and gently breathes upon his heart, and like a

garden of spices the sweet odours flow out, and out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God thus perfects his praise. You have seen the breeze come to the fading, wilting flower, and revive it, so that it again lifts its head, and again smiles in its beauty?"

"Yes, Master, I have."

"So the Spirit comes to the poor, afflicted, drooping one, whose pale brow is bowed down under sorrow, and crushed under disappointment: and He fills the heart with hope and new life, and lifts up the head in joyfulness. He gives the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. You have seen the oak on the hills, the old gnarled tree that has stood many years, breasting the storm, and defying the lightnings of heaven; and yet the wind comes down with power sufficient to make the oak bend and lie low in the dust. Hast thou never seen this?"

"Yea, Rabbi, I have seen the oaks of Bashan bowed and prostrated, feeble as bulrushes, before the wind."

"So the Spirit comes, at times, to the aged sinner, who has grown old and hardened in sin, and causes him to bend in agony, and prostrate in the dust, to plead for mercy. Thou canst not tell whence the wind cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

"Mysterious doctrine!"

"But none the less true."

"Why cannot I understand it—the spiritual world?"

"For the same reason that thou canst not understand earthly things. Thou art finite;—these are infinite. All thy knowledge, imagery, ideas, are of earth, and these are heavenly things. But light will dawn upon thee, thou master in Israel! Thou comest to me in the darkness of night, lest thy companions should scorn thee: the day will come when thou wilt boldly stand between me and their malice. Thou art timid now, but when the power of this Spirit shall rest upon thy heart, thou wilt recall this conversation, and go openly and honour my body at its burial. Thou art sitting in the twilight, but it is the twilight of the morning,—the morning of a day that shall be eternal. But thou must feel the Spirit's power, and marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born again!"

In utter amazement the stranger arose. He was silent and serious. Wrapping his garments around him, and drawing more tightly his girdle, he rose slowly to depart;—not in anger—not in scorn—not in indifference,—but deep in thought. The wind had begun to breathe upon him,—the Spirit to touch his heart.



IX.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MARCH.

"Gifts for the treasury of the Lord—
He shall not fail of full reward
Who, with a willing heart, shall bring
The noblest, costliest offering."

No sooner is the mandate given,
Than crowds obey the call of Heaven;
The rich, the poor, the young, the old:
The court resounds with dropping gold.

But who, amid the throng that crowd,
With vaunting air, and voices loud,
To fill the temple's treasury,
Alone attracts the Saviour's eye?

'Tis she, the lowliest one of all,
Whom want hath made its helpless thrall;
Herself Messiah's blessed poor,
She comes to bring her scanty store.

With faltering frame, and chastened mien,
That speak of grief and suffering keen,
She waits the time when least observed,
To give to Him she long hath served.

How much cast in that feeble hand?
Was it in full the law's demand?
Alas! there is no coin so small
As her poor tithe. She gave her all.

To him, the rich man's millions were
Far less than those two mites to her;
For she hath coined her life, to bring
That one unheeded offering.

Unheeded? Not by Him whose name
The needy ne'er invoked in vain;
In his esteem, that gift so small
Is deemed of richer worth than all.

More than the miser's stinted dole,
Wrung slowly from his rusted soul;
More than the Pharisee doth cast,
While trumpets peal with loudest blast;

More than all kings and nobles wrest
From vanquished foes and states oppressed,
Doth that poor widow thus afford
To fill the treasury of the Lord.

In other times, in other lands,
Long as Messiah's kingdom stands,
Shall her approved example live,
Till all, their all, like her, shall give.



X.

CHRIST FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

For three days the great multitudes, many
thousands, had hung upon the words of the
great Teacher, unwearied, and forgetful of

home, shelter, and food. The shadows of the
third evening were now beginning to fall over
the valleys, painting on the landscape the
form and cold brow of the mountains around.
The crowds were not in the least diminished.
Though weary and exhausted, they still linger
in the desert, unwilling to leave the great

Prophet. Our Saviour compassioned the multitude, and though he never performed a miracle for his own comfort, never commanded the stones to become bread to give him food, would not send away this multitude empty. And now the crowd are moved and swayed, for his disciples have gone among them, bidding them to sit down on the grass in companies. There now! They are spread out as far as the eye can see. The camels are in the background, the turbaned multitude are hushed, and the disciples, with anxious faces, are counting the company.

"Master, there are five thousand men, not counting the women and children, who form a very great multitude."

"What provisions have ye?"

"Alas! Master, we have nothing, but there is a little lad here who has five loaves of coarse barley bread, and two small, dried, smoked fishes."

"Bring them to me!"

Towards him all eyes were turned. Hark! He looks up to heaven and blesses this food; and every voice is silent, every look of levity is banished. The disciples then hand around the simple food to the multitude, and the loaves and fishes were multiplied till all were fed.

* * * * *

"And how was it done?" ask the wise ones of the disciples.

"He spake, and it was done!" We took the broken bread, and as we distributed, our baskets were not empty. Rank after rank, row after row, called out "Give us to eat. Bread and fish!" and we gave, and they ate till they were all satisfied.

"But *how* was it done?"

"We don't know. We only know that divine power created as fast as we emptied, and when we got through, there was more left than we had to begin with. The curse upon the wicked (Job. 20, 21), 'There shall none of his bread be left,' did not surely rest upon any of us to-day."

The multitudes astonished rose up, refreshed, glad, but not grateful. In little groups they gathered together, and were earnestly engaged in talking. Some went, dropping a few words here and there, from group to group. Soon there was a murmur heard, rising louder and louder. "Yes, it must be the Deliverer—the King of Israel! Let us crown him our King!"

While they were thus consulting, the twilight of evening began to deepen into the dark shades of night. The lark had sung her last song, and in the distance the whip-poor-will was pouring out her evening strains. The white clouds in the sky had turned into gray, and the wandering bat, and the shrill cricket,

were announcing the coming of night. And they, the enraptured multitude, were now ready, they had their committees chosen, and now came forward to offer the Son of Man a crown; but when they approached the spot where he stood when he wrought the miracle, he was not there. He had withdrawn himself, and they could not find him. They wonder, and retire, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day." After having performed the only miracle recorded by all the Evangelists, he withdrew, not in triumph, but to agonize in prayer alone, on the mountain.

XI.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK MAN, LET DOWN THROUGH THE ROOF.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH H. BAILEY.

THRICE favoured city of the plain, again the Holy One,
To be beneath some humble roof, a lowly guest, had come,
And gathering crowds, with hasty steps, pressed round in
eager strife,
And from his hallowed lips received the precious words
of life.

Here had He oft to sinful men, his purest lessons taught,
Here too, at twilight's gentle hour, had wondrous healing
wrought;
And now they bore a stricken one, who sought the Healer's aid,
On whom cold palsy's nerveless arm, with withering
power was laid.

They bore him on with anxious haste, alas! their haste
was vain,
For from beyond the sacred stream, and Judea's hill and
plain,
A mighty throng had bent their steps toward that humble
place,
Nor could the invalid obtain one glimpse of Jesus' face.

The sufferer plead in earnest tones, no means might be
untried,
And still he urged his bearers on, and would not be de-
nied;
So through the broken tiling lowered, upon his weary
bed,
Down in the midst at Jesus' feet the smitten one was laid.

Such faith had ever power to wake compassion in his
breast,
The soul that trusted in his word did ne'er remain un-
blest;
And here the gift of pardoning love, by earnest faith was
won,
For he forgave the man his sins, and owned him as a son.

Yet, there were unbelieving scribes, cold sceptics. in that
crowd,
Who questioned in their hearts his power, but dared not
speak aloud;
Nor knew that to th' Omniscient mind of that heart-
searching one,
Their every sinful word, and deed, and faithless acts, were
known.

He bade them say if easier 'twere to heal the sin-sick soul,
To cure the palsy of the mind, than make the body whole.

Yet to convince blind unbelief, and prove his heavenly birth,
He bade the paralytic rise, and to his friends go forth.

When lo! upon that pallid cheek, the rose of health is seen;

Bearing his couch, he homeward went, with firm and healthful mien.

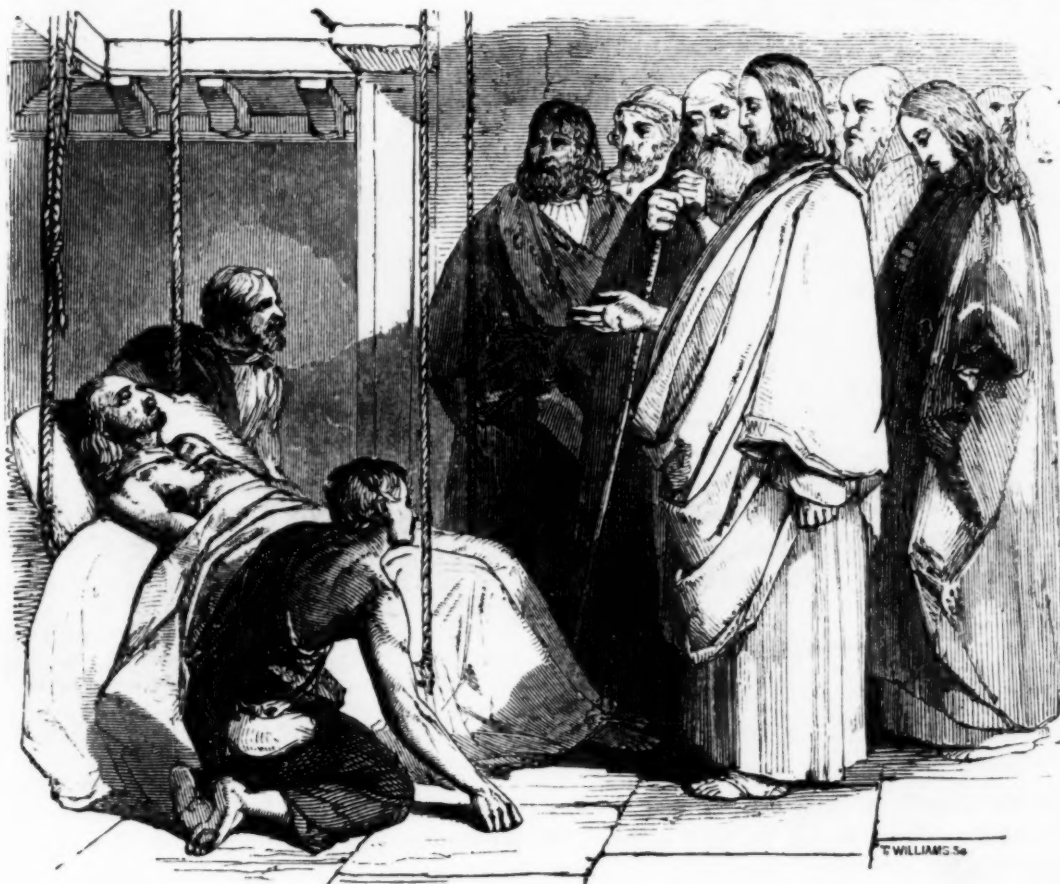
Then each beholder's heart was filled with wonder and amaze,
And every tongue made haste to speak the heavenly healer's praise.

Thrice blessed they who heard his words and saw his deeds of might,

"Yea, rather blest," said he, "whose faith doth need no aid from sight."

And thou, Capernaum, beyond degree, thou high, exalted one,

Didst, for thy lack of faith, receive from him a fearful doom.



XII.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

WHOEVER looks out upon the ocean, and considers it the free highway of nations, the connecting bond between different countries, and the great cloud-former of the earth, sending forth its vapours to refresh and gladden all lands, or the store-house whence myriads draw their food, has not understood all the uses of the ocean. Though we shudder at the thought of its rocks, its sandbars, its storms and hurricanes, its shipwrecks, and its death-groans, yet these are necessary to fulfil its moral designs. Were there no storms, no reefs, no wrecks, no perils, the sailor could not look out in the darkness and tempest, and watch the glimmer of the lighthouse, and know that humanity is remembering him, and trying to shield him from danger; he would not in his distresses see the little life-boat dancing over the billows for his rescue; he would not feel that loving

hearts were thinking of him and praying for him; and he would not have so tearful a meeting on his return to his home. Storm and danger, troubles and toils, though they may seem at first to be only evil, yet add to human happiness.

There is no spot—and the thing has been said a thousand times—so beautiful and lovely as the family circle, where the hearts are bound together and throb alike, by sympathy, by education, by habits, by common interests, and by sorrow shared together. What tears are shed at the parting of parents and children, when they gathered around the death-bed of the youngest, the pet—as they carry out the crushed flower and lay it in the lonely cemetery; and what tears of joy flow as they regather, after being scattered abroad, to the old homestead, and they recount their several chapters in their own history, since they took up the weary burdens of life! The deepest sorrows earth knows are to be found in the home circle, and there too are the sweetest,



most thrilling joys. But can we have the one without the other? and if we must drink life's bitter cup in mourning, does not our overflowing cup of happiness seem sweeter for the sorrowful draught? The one is the measure of the other. Men in their short-sightedness often wonder why infinite wisdom and goodness permitted sin and sorrow to enter the happy family—why the old man must see his youngest, darling son demanding his portion of the property the father had toiled for through many years, that he might go away and waste it?—why his sorrowful heart must follow him in all his wanderings?—why he must lie upon his pillow, and dream of and pray for this child, in tears, in doubt, in suspense! But if there were no anxious, weeping father sending his thoughts after his wandering boy—if no such degradation and want attended sin, there could be no such thrilling scene as is described in the story of the Prodigal Son. If we see the inimitable picture of the father seeing his son afar off, recognising him in his rags and woe, and running in his joy, and falling on his neck and kissing him, forgiving and blessing him, must there not first be the story of suf-

fering and sinning? And if the broken-hearted prodigal is seen returning, confessing his sins, scarcely daring to ask the least return of love, must he not first have known the misery of disobedience and ingratitude?

If there is a rainbow, it must be born in the storm; if there is deep and unutterable joy, it must be over the son that was lost and is found, that was dead and is made alive again. May it not be that it will be found at last, that in the wonderful plans of the Infinite One, every sorrow, every woe endured, and even every sin committed, will at last create deeper, more transporting joy and blessedness throughout all his dominions?

XIII.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE King of glorious hosts above
His robes of power hath veiled in love,
And come our darkened world to bless,
On earth, supreme in lowliness;
And wondering thousands flock to see
Who this mysterious ONE may be!



His eye benign o'erlooks the crowd,
As bends the rainbow o'er a cloud;
But whom, with love's peculiar tone
And sweetness, names he here his own,—
The jewels on his breast to be,
As seals of his redemption free?

The *little ones*!—the child, with feet
In life's clear sunrise light and fleet;
The babe, upon whose sinless tongue
The first-caught accent hath not rung!
And see them, borne or hastening near
To Christ, while scarce his call they hear.

Small infants, in their helplessness,
He foldeth in his arms to bless;—
On those who trustful round him stand
Doth Jesus lay his Saviour hand;
For each who feels that sacred palm—
With soul-preserving spirit-balm.

Lo! while their dimpled fingers hold
His garment's hem, or press its fold,
A voice, *Disciple*, thine! it chid!
Wouldst thou debar them? Christ forbid!
He doth—he bids thee "suffer them."
Where is the Babe of Bethlehem?

No seer, with spicy offerings made,
Such homage to Messiah paid;
No monarch in his glittering crown
Can gift so dear to Christ lay down,

As one who seeks his kingdom mild,
In spirit like a little child!

He loves of life the morning hour,—
The dewy bud, the opening flower,—
The tendril green, and branches fair,
Ripe clustered fruit for him to bear.
Art thou a "branch" of him, "the Vine?"
Bud, flower, and fruit at once be thine!

XIV.

THE POWER OF PREJUDICE.—CHRIST AND THE PHARISEES.

THERE is a creature walking among men, disclaimed and maligned by all, but who, notwithstanding, has a place in every family, a home in every heart. She goes here and there, and wherever she plants a small seed, it quickly becomes a great tree.

She touches the strong man, and he yields his strength to her; she visits the ignorant and the imbecile, and they worship her. She once walked among the hills of Judea, and at her bidding the priest passed by on the other side, leaving his wounded brother to suffer and to



die by the wayside. She went to the council of the rulers of the nation, and as she pointed to the meek man of sorrows, it was easy for her to persuade them to mock him, to persecute him, to hang him on the tree.

She governed every one in the smallest affairs of life, and so controlled the nation that they dared not eat after having come from the market-place, without having first washed, lest they had become defiled by contact with some heathen or polluted Jew. So tyrannically did she sway her sceptre over men, that they became self-torturers. Rabbi Akiba being kept a close prisoner, having water sent him, both to wash his hands with, and to drink with his food, the greatest part being accidentally spilt, he washed his hands with the remainder, though he left himself none to drink, saying he would rather die than transgress the tradition of the elders.

O prejudice! thy reign seems destined to have no limit or termination!

The Pharisees could come up over the hills of Judea, eighty or a hundred miles, to see and hear the Prophet of Nazareth; but when they found him, they were so prejudiced against

him and his claims to Messiahship, that they could not perceive marks of divine power in his healing the sick, giving hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, eyes to the blind, life to the dead. No! it was all the work of magic, or all done by aid from the powers of darkness. They could believe that evil would do good, that sin would teach righteousness, and that Satan would fight against his own kingdom, but they could not believe that any good thing could come out of Nazareth.

These were the men whom our Saviour now rebuked so severely, not in the presence of the people—for it will be observed that the multitude were afterwards called—and reproved them for rejecting the commandment of God, that they might keep the traditions of men. He ever felt unmeasured sympathy with sorrow and woe, but none for hypocrisy; he had yearnings of tenderness towards the penitent; he listened to the first sigh of the contrite; "but the proud he knew afar off." All ages will know of his commendation of the widow offering her two mites, while the vain, ostentatious Pharisee returned from the temple unpraised by his words, unblessed by his love.

NORTHERN LOVES AND LEGENDS.

No. II.

MY FRIEND'S LOVE STORY.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

I HAVE, (says my friend,) all my days, been haunted and sometimes possessed by a kind of—people commonly call them amours, cupids, or little gods, but I will call them pink-coloured *devils*, for they have caused me an immense deal of trouble. I suppose that they took hold of me already at the hour of my birth, and haunted me in my cradle, as I have heard it said that I was passionately fond of my nurse; but this I do not remember. My first love, that I am aware of, came upon me in my ninth year of earthly pilgrimage. My little flame was a sweet girl of about the same age, blue-eyed, light-haired, and, as I thought, the most perfect being that walked the earth. We met at school and at dancing lessons, and I paid her every attention I could possibly think of. But, alas! she liked my elder brother more than me, and I had early to experience the pangs of jealousy. I remember having once made the very great sacrifice to spare for her sake some bonbons which had been given to me, and of which I was, like all boys of my age, extremely fond, and though they afforded me many a sore temptation through the long duration of half a week, I adhered stoically in self-denial, all for her sake whom I should meet at the next dancing lesson, when I should make my offering, and receive in recompense a smile, perhaps a kiss. The evening came, but adverse fate made me sick that day, so that I was not allowed to leave my room, and had to send through my sister my gift of sweets. How I anticipated her return! How I longed to hear how my bonbons had been received, how she looked, what she said. I anticipated her thanks, I saw her smile and look pleased, I almost tasted the bonbons in her mouth, and smiled myself, and tossed restless, but not unhappy, upon my bed.

My sister came home and was soon at my bedside. My heart fluttered with expectation. "What did she say? How did she look? Did she receive—?" Yes, my little flame had vouchsafed to accept my bonbons, but had almost instantly divided them between herself

and—my brother, and had not sent one single word to me! Upon hearing this I turned to the wall, said that I would sleep, but watered my pillow with some of the bitterest tears that well can fall from childish eyes.

How I overcame that first unhappy love I do not well remember, but I remember very well how, a few years afterwards—I think at thirteen—I suddenly felt as if an arrow were piercing through my heart, upon beholding a very beautiful and charming young girl, about twenty, who came to visit my parents. She was betrothed, she was out of my reach in every way. I saw her only during one evening, yet I felt the point of the arrow sticking in my heart for about fourteen days after that evening. After that time it fell off; but I still retain the impression of having had a vision of the celestial Hebe, and remember the intoxication her looks and words caused me.

During my passage from boyhood to majority, I remember getting in love and getting out again several times. But these illuminations of the heart were as passing fire-flies compared to the flame which was kindled in my bosom by the charming Miss Rose, of Green Castle. Her image besieged me night and day during my course at the military academy;—it disturbed my studies—it danced about in every circle I drew and made it run out into ellipses, and the only line that I could clearly make out was the way which led to her house and home. That home was in the country, in one of the beautiful islands of the *Malar* sea. I managed to spend there every holyday and a great part of my vacation. Then the old lady, the mother of Rose, was a friend to my father, and did not see the connexion with displeasure, as their estates were near, and both had fortunes. So, when the old lady, in her somewhat stiff and stately, though kind manner, said to me, "My young friend, I want you to consider my home as your home, and to be with my sons and daughters just as a brother!" I said, "Oh, certainly, to be sure I will!" and I was there just as at home, and with the young people just as a brother, and with Miss

Rose—as something more. And she was charming, you have no idea! She was no regular beauty—far from it—but how I despised regularity! Her little upturned nose was to me worth all the Roman and Grecian noses in the world, and her mouth and its pretty poutings or smiles must, I thought, influence the sun itself. When she talked, she was so lively, so amusing, that you could only listen, and wish she may go on for ever. And when she sang, sitting at her harp, oh! you never saw such a thing! And then she had such a way to turn to you and ask, “Was it not number five that you liked?” “Yes, ma’am!” And then she sang number five so that your heart burned and melted within you at the same time. And then her dance! Her dance was so graceful, so airy, so enchanting, that one had difficulty to stand on one’s feet before her, and refrain from dropping down and adoring! Oh! it was dreadful, how charming she was. And I was most dreadfully in love. I wrote sonnets to her, talked with the moon and the stars of her, and I remember once having stolen out of the stable my honest father’s riding-horse, to ride thirty miles off, only to get a pot of moss roses, which I carried in my arms to my beloved one, riding all the night, and half dead with fatigue. But then she smiled at me, and she laughed and sighed too, and I saw my roses at her breast, and was called upon by her for a thousand little services, that I was but too happy to render. I had just decided that she and no other was to be the mistress of my life, when lo! there comes a certain Mr. P——, a kind of city dandy, playing tolerably the piano, singing, prating French, bragging and bowing, and to my utter astonishment, to my almost petrification, I see my enchantress turning to him, talking to him, listening to him only, singing to him some damned “number seven” that he “fancied,” and treating him, in fact, as if he was everything, and me as nothing at all. I was a distracted man; I went out in the fields, looked black as Othello, did not see ditches or fences, meditated daggers and murders; all this during three days and three nights, after which Mr. P—— chose to depart, and Miss Rose suddenly chose to turn to me again, and treat me and call upon me as before. But too late! My eyes were opened, my dream of love gone, and shortly after Mr. P——’s departure, I took mine. And when my excellent father somewhat maliciously said, “How comes it, Constantine, that you return so soon from Green Castle, when your intention was to stay there a long while?” “Yes,” answered I coolly, biting into a large sandwich, “so I intended, but I have bethought myself otherwise!” And I was cured of passion, but felt a good while my heart smarting from the

wound it had received; and I promised myself that my head should never be turned by upturned noses and pretty smiles again.

Some time after that, and pretty well recovered from my anger and sorrow, I was introduced by one of my friends into a family of his acquaintance. Almost the very moment that I entered the saloon, my eye fixed upon a young lady standing at the end of the room by the tea-table, and occupied in pouring out that nectar of our earthly saloons. Certainly, the Olympian Hebe must have been more blooming, but she could hardly have had a more regular profile, especially not a nose more straight and perfectly formed, according to the classic Grecian type. I almost was in love with that profile, which also was in perfect accord with the whole appearance of my tea-table goddess. She was tall and erect in figure, perhaps a little stiff, but well-formed; her dress was of the most perfect neatness and strictness. Her face was pale and placid, her eyes blue and clear, rather cold in expression, her manner simple and earnest. I was absorbed in contemplation and even in admiration of that masterpiece of regularity, when I saw her turn her head, and a voice of deep barytone, which should have graced the commander of an army, called out, “Lundstrom!” I felt stunned as by a bullet, and repelled. Then, there was no mistaking it, it was the very voice of my deity, and that she was calling to a livery-clad servant, who immediately came up to her. “Well,” I began to soliloquize, after the first surprise, “if nature has given her such a voice, is it not noble, is it not admirable in her not to disguise it, not to compromise or dissemble, but just let it go as nature will? and when she has to call on ‘Lundstrom,’ just to call out ‘Lundstrom!’ so that neither Lundstrom nor anybody else can make any mistake about it? Certainly! Oh, I love such sincerity, such truthfulness of expression; every word in bold relief. With such a character one knows what one is about. Oh! she must be a noble creature! Her heart and her understanding are as straight as her nose. Here’s a mind in whom one might confide! I shall come again—I shall know more of her!”

I came again and again, and every time I grew more taken in by the regular profile and the regular character and manners of Miss Bridget Boltingbridge, which were in perfect opposition with the charms that had bewitched me in the lovely but false Miss Rose, of Green Castle. Miss Bridget spoke very little, confined herself chiefly to yes or no, and seemed much devoted to embroidery work and household duties. She appeared to me as the very incarnation of duty and truthfulness, and

I determined to make her my compass, my guide, on the stormy way of life, provided she would consent to undertake such a task. And I felt very humble before that beautiful Alp of snow-clad womanhood. But I proposed bravely, and she bravely answered, "Yes!" And this time I thought that the barytone voice was delightful. We were formally betrothed, to be married within a year. I thought myself a very happy fellow, and it was some time before I allowed myself to allow to myself that I was not. In fact, I began soon after my engagement to feel very uncomfortable. My beautiful Alp was not only as erect as the Jungfrau of Berner Oberland, but she was almost as frigid and unconquerable.

She would never condescend to follow another advice or another wish than her own. And when my thoughts were not exactly her thoughts, she made it a point to contradict me openly and unmercifully, and, as I thought, in her very loudest barytone. I tried to bear and better. But then I took my turn, wanting her in turn to bend a little; but that would not do. Twice or thrice I remonstrated seriously, and even tenderly with her, but was answered: "That is my way. This is my manner. I am so. And I want not to appear otherwise than I am." With this I was but indifferently edified. By little and little, we came up to a state of almost continual warfare, which gave but little prospect for a happy and peaceful union. We had quarrel upon quarrel, and every day we became both more obstinate. One day, walking in the streets together, we came to a place where I wanted to turn to the left hand, she to turn to the right hand. I felt that we were coming to a parting point; and thought, "now or never!" I stopped, and asked her seriously, for once, "to concede to me, for the love of me!" But she said "she wanted to do as she wanted!" I said, "If you never will do as I want, you do not love me, and I cannot love you!" She answered, "If you cannot love me as I am, you had better leave me!" "And so I shall!" said I, roused. "Adieu!" and I turned to the left hand. "Adieu!" she repeated coldly, and turned to the right hand; and so we marched off; and so we parted and never returned again; and with every step I felt my heart more easy, my step more elastic, than I had since the time that I began to feel dreadfully. I retired to solitude, glad that my chain was broken, but in anger with the whole female sex; which I thought was made up of deception. I resolved never to suffer myself to run in love any more, never to marry, but to devote myself to agriculture and reading, become a philosopher, and write epigrams on womankind.

So I lived solitary and sour for two or three

years, when I received a hearty invitation from a college friend to come and see him, his wife and family, and his new parsonage, situated in one of the beautiful valleys of Durluna. I went, just to look about and refresh myself a little. But I did not return, so soon as I expected, to my books and my solitude. I found myself uncommonly comfortable in my friend's home; where a certain cheering, sunlit, sunwarm, fresh and gay influence was felt as an invisible atmosphere, which made the heart beat more gaily, the blood run lightly, and the time run away also, as a calm, full river. My friend had ten children; and I certainly never saw children less troublesome, nor a house more undisturbed. "How is that?" said I. "It's all my wife's doing!" said my friend. "How came you to such a wife?" asked I. Thus I had soon discovered that my friend was a most fortunate man in marriage. "How came you to be such a fortunate man?" "Oh!" answered he, smiling, "that is owing to a peculiar trick I have employed!" "A trick? I should be very happy to know somewhat of such a trick. Pray, impart it to your college friend!" "It is," he answered, "that I, always since the days of my youth, have prayed to God for a good wife!" "Alas!" said I, "your trick will not do for me. I have never thought of such a prayer, nor can I think our Lord enough interested in my marriage, to ask him for a wife." My friend laughed good-humouredly, and said, "that though I was such an unbeliever, he thought there still was hope for me, and that I should be cared for if I chose to consider the subject properly." And he vouchsafed to give me a little sermon, extempore, about looking only on "carnal things," about being taken in by "upturned noses," or "straight noses," and taking my bodily eyes instead of the spiritual ones for chief counsellors. He advised me not so much to look out in a wife for a charming mistress as for a *companion* in life, a society for both heart and head.

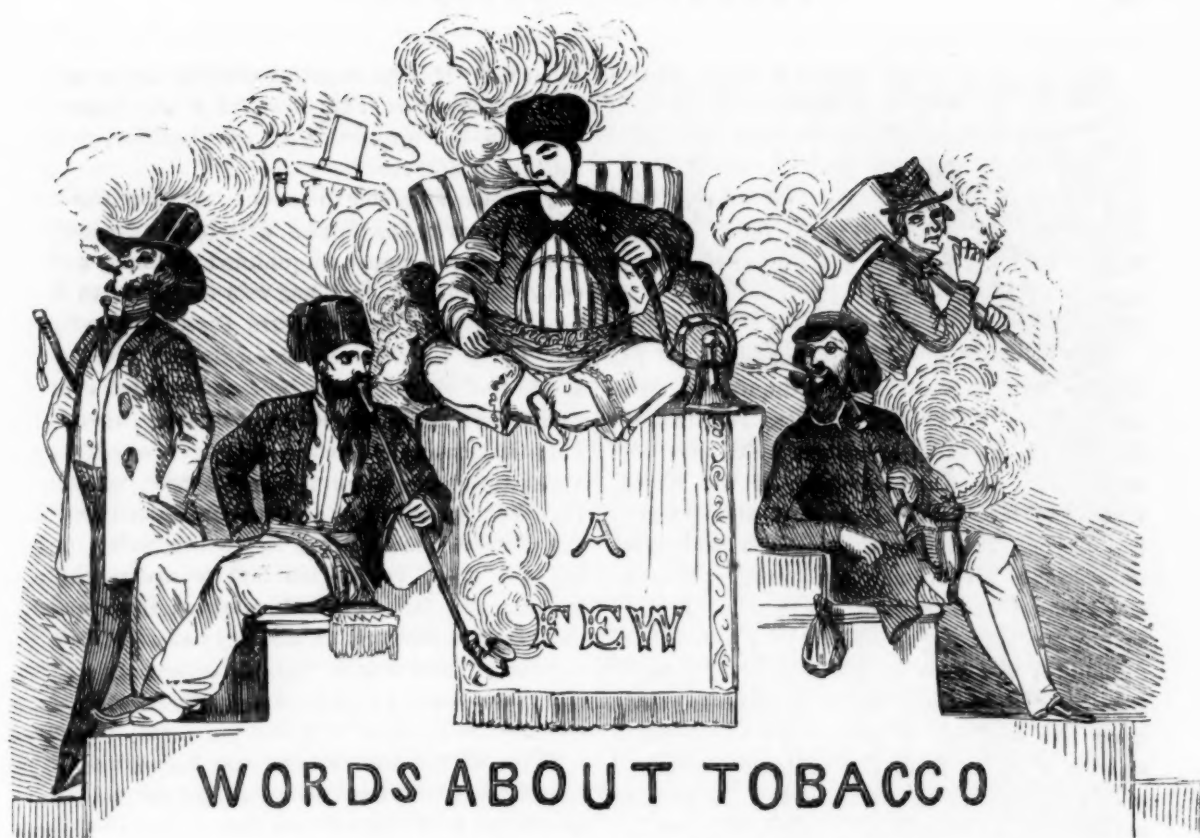
Though I rather dislike sermons, especially when they are intended for my own particular benefit, I could not but allow that my friend was perfectly in the right, and that I had hitherto, in all my love affairs, been ruled rather by the eyes of my senses, than by those of my understanding. And I accordingly began to look about me with the latter ones. And it happened so that I had not very far to look. The wife of my friend (that excellent wife), had a younger sister living in the house, and a help there with the household, with the children, in fact with everything. She was not very handsome, nor talented, nor showy in any way, and I had hitherto almost overlooked her. No danger for me to fall in love with her; but as I began to look more at her, I found that

she was a very gentle, kind, and good-humoured young woman, sensible and earnest, loved by everybody in the house, and a counsel and friend to everybody. By and by I became strongly impressed with the conviction that just *she* was fit to be the true companion of my life. And as I was not at all under the slightest fascination of love, I did not fear to be much mistaken about it. And for the third time, I determined to make a proposal of my heart and hand. I said so to my friend, who rather discouraged my precipitation, saying that I had better wait a time, and observe, and continue my attentions, and so win the confidence of his sister-in-law, whom he, indeed, prized very high, and wished me to be able to obtain; "but she was rather prejudiced against me," said he, "as she had heard reports about my inconstancy in love, and that I was not a person to be trusted in such things," etc. I was very indignant that blame should fall on me for what was the fault solely of my lady-loves. My friend said it was so, but that there was some fault of mine also, and advised me to try some time the virtue of perseverance. I did so, and was in due time rewarded by the attainment of my wishes. I was very glad, but, shall I say it, as I was not in love, I found the time of courtship rather fatiguing, and the first time of my marriage rather indifferent. And I felt sorry to feel so. Then, thought I, if it is so at the outset of marriage, how shall it be at the end? I have always heard it said that love in marriage goes on decreasing, and that the feelings become cooler with the setting day of life, and Well! after all, friendship and potatoes might do for this sublunary life, and man has no right to ask for higher happiness. And friendship, respect, trust, every good feeling, I certainly can have for my wife! But I sighed; then I remembered my former love-days, and their rich feeling and glorious anticipations; and it seemed hard to be brought down to friendship and potatoes. Time went on with its flood and ebb of events. After a while I found myself surprised in a very agreeable manner. I found that my feelings for my wife did not cool or decrease, but rather went the other way. But then it was her fault. My wife is—but I hate to praise my wife. I had as well praise myself; then we are one, you know. But you do not know how we have become so, nor to what degree! Nor do I well know it myself. What I know is, that by little and little, I found something growing up in me for her, that I never before had experienced. It was not love,—not at least, that love which I had formerly felt,—I could feel that, even now, and for other women than my wife; what I felt for her was a feeling sweet and calm, yet intense, that warmed my heart in a delightful

way; it was not passion, though it made me to feel uncomfortable and incomplete when I was separated from her,—it was a feeling that we call tenderness, affection. At times I have thought that that feeling was even more powerful than love, or, maybe, just the highest love itself. Certainly it had, with me, power over all the smaller kind of loves. Then, of these I must say, that they have never left me entirely at peace. And though a married man, and certainly a happy one, I have all my days continued to be subject to certain of its intoxications, of shorter or longer duration. Yes, I have during my happy marriage, of now nearly twenty years, been at least a dozen times in love with some charming objects. But then I have taken to a certain trick by which I make the pink-coloured devils which would take hold of me, incapable to create any serious disturbance in my heart, or in my house. Whenever I am in love, out of the family, I tell it to my wife! And she, bless her heart, never is disturbed by it, but takes up the part of my confidant in a most charming way. Yes, for that I must praise her. I am sure I should not make so wise a partner as she, if she took up my part in the play, and happened to fall in love with any other than me. But that is out of the question. As to my wife's management of my love affairs, I cannot but admire it. Sometimes she will be very much charmed herself by my new charmer—almost in love with her. But then, somehow or other, she finds out, by the superior tact of woman I suppose, some fault or defect in the charmer, which she confides to me, and which never fails to have its effect. Twice or thrice she (and I) have made a true friend of my momentary flame, and in these makings she glories a little; and well she may! Certain it is, that in all these things she is the chief gainer. And I sometimes tell her that I suspect she is deep in politics, or has some magical contrivances to make all things come about as she wants them. She laughs, and says that is all natural magic, and that it is the great god who helps her to keep in order the little one.

You perceive that our companionship has grown pretty close by this time. And if that will keep on growing, as it has done hitherto, I think it probable that we will be desperately in love with one another before long, and that by that time the great god will have gained a final victory over the little one, and—the devils too!

"Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epos, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust."—LONGFELLOW.



WORDS ABOUT TOBACCO

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INCURABLES.

BY JOHN NEAL.

SYLVESTER GRAHAM tells you—and, notwithstanding the monstrous tom-foolery of the man, after he gets well a-going upon any subject, there is really a great deal to be thankful for, in some of his most outrageous manifestations; and it may well be questioned whether, on the whole, he may not have done about half as much good, as mischief, in his warfare upon the diseased appetites of our race; and *that*, let me tell you, is saying a good deal for him—he says that the narcotic principle which constitutes the vital charm of tea, coffee, strong beer, wine, alcohol, obacco, laudanum, and opium, is never otherwise than hurtful to life and health and happiness; and that, although like other poisons, it may be employed allopathically or homœopathically—here by the handful, and there by the pinch—as a medicine, still, even as a medicine, it must, in the very nature of things, be hurtful in some degree, and ought never to be employed, but as the less of two evils; or, if Sylvester Graham does not say all this—and I am not quite sure he does—why, so much the worse for Sylvester Graham, that's all! He ought to have said it, years and years ago, as a becoming and suitable finish to his theory of dietetics.

"Your *theory* is beautiful," said some one to a French philosopher, academician, or something of the sort, perhaps to St. Pierre himself, when, forgetting his Paul and Virginia, and

the qualities that made that little story an imperishable wonder, he took it into his head to overreach himself, and grapple with Newton, blindfold, to supply his deficiencies; and to explain the mysteries of the Great Deep, the everlasting pulses of the Ocean, by the help of charts and maps, diagrams, log-books and voyages, and the daily melting of the polar ices,—"*Your theory* is beautiful, my dear sir, but the *facts* are against you."

"*Tant pis pour les faits!*" said the philosopher, and went on with his theory.

And so say I. My theory is, that tobacco in every shape, opium in every shape, alcohol in every shape, all three but different names for one and the same thing, are always hurtful, *always*, even as a medicine; always a poison, however qualified or disguised, like arsenic, or ipecac, or hyosciamus, or belladonna, or prussic acid; and never to be used, except for the purpose of expelling a greater poison. And if the facts do not bear me out, all over the world, everywhere, and throughout all history, why then so much the worse for the facts, that's all.

But the facts *do* bear me out; and if I had a folio to write, like Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, instead of a magazine-paper, hang me if I wouldn't undertake to prove it, against the whole College of Medicine, past, present, and to come.

But, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, what a pity it was for him, and for the world, that when, after his return from Virginia, his body-servant found him all afire, as he thought, and smoking at the mouth and nostrils, and dashed the pot of beer into his face; and Sir Walter kept his temper, and the servant stood staring at him—what a pity it was, the poor fellow didn't *put him out, for ever*.

Only to think of the consequences! If Sir Walter Raleigh had been extinguished upon the spot, and never been mentioned again upon the face of the earth, all we should have lost would have been that History of the World, instead of the World itself; the memory of a few daring, though rather foolish and most unprofitable achievements, a paragraph or so about the treachery and baseness of James; and that charming story of the plush cloak, flung into the mire at the feet of Elizabeth. But living on, he lived only to perish miserably upon the scaffold, to poison the whole earth as with a smoke from the bottomless pit, and to levy a perpetual tax upon the nations, greater at this hour, and continually increasing, greater by far than all that has been wasted upon battles and sieges, and fleets and armies, by land and by sea, for the last three hundred years.—*There!*

Less than three hundred years ago, potatoes and tobacco were introduced by this renowned warrior, adventurer, historian, philosopher, and side by side, into Europe. From that day to this, while but one of the two has become naturalized there, both have grown to be the food of nations, or something still more necessary than food; for the famishing, who have got familiar with tobacco, would seem to have a more abiding relish for it, in the midst of their suffering, than for the potato itself. Like opium-eaters, they loathe everything but that fearful drug, and turn away from their natural and wholesome food, after their stomachs get enfeebled, or pinched by famine.

And now that able and honest men are beginning to seriously question the wisdom of cultivating the potato as the principal food of a nation, what on earth will the most ingenious find to say in favour of its companion, that loathsome and wasting offal—the tobacco-plant? If, looking to the terrible consequences—a yearly famine—which appears to have settled upon that befooled, afflicted, and most wretched country, where the potato has been most encouraged, and most welcome, it may well be doubted whether, on the whole, it was a blessing or a curse that Raleigh introduced in that form—what should the statesman, the lawgiver, the political-economist, the lover of his kind say, looking at the tremendous consequences, about the introduction of

tobacco? If it be doubtful whether the potato is a blessing, can it be doubtful to any human being in the possession of his faculties, that tobacco is a curse?

Just consider the question. A filthy weed, so nauseous and so hateful, even in its prepared shape, as to produce unqualified loathing, and sometimes death, in those who tamper with it unwittingly, or for the first time; a deadly poison, for which there is no help, if the besotted fool who indulges in it, passes but ever so little over a most uncertain boundary, always fluctuating with his health, strength, appetite, and resisting power; so treacherous withal, that the cigar-smoker, and the snuff-taker, and the tobacco-chewer, like the opium-eater, go on, year after year, from bad to worse, notwithstanding all their self-plighted faith and most solemn resolutions, till they have no relish for natural and healthy food, but must live on highly-seasoned garbage, and highly-flavoured liquors—or die!

Think of the simple fact, that our own dear country exports, upon the average, more than five millions of dollars' worth a year, of this abomination, this vegetable guano, this nastiness which, instead of fertilising, impoverishes the very soil it breeds and festers in; that she is only one of many tobacco-growing regions, and that this is the value of the raw material, before it has undergone the ten thousand cheating transmutations, qualifications, and adulterations, which help to conceal its filthiness, and make it endurable; think, too, of another fact,—that of our twenty millions of people, eight millions are spendthrift smokers and chewers and snuffers, at a cost, upon the average, perhaps, of two or three dollars a year to each person; making the national waste, the *direct* national waste, and overlooking the consequential waste, in time, health, and productive power, not less than from twenty, to twenty-four millions of dollars a year.

Just call to mind, that all the Powers of Europe derive large revenues from the consumption of this detestable weed—that almost everywhere it is a government monopoly—and that prodigious sums are lavished, and the severest penalties imposed, for the protection of this monopoly—that smugglers are to be found everywhere, willing to risk all they have on earth, even to their lives, in the business—and that the taxes actually paid upon it into the treasury of Great Britain, not long ago, amounted in one single year to *three million five hundred thousand pounds, sterling*—equal to about *seventeen millions of dollars*! And these were the taxes only! What then must have been the market value, that year, of the tobacco consumed by the people of Great Britain!

In the south of Europe, it is just about as bad—and at the north, still worse. The world pays now for the tobacco it uses, more than for all its wars—terrible and wasting as they are—added to all it pays for all its charities, and for all the education of all the people upon earth—*perhaps*.

And yet why any “perhaps”? The thing is clear, self-evident. We have only to enter into the treasury statistics of the world, passing by the hospitals, the Potter’s fields, the alms-houses, and the lunatic asylums, to find the proof.

And how came this about? One may be willing to believe that a prodigious nation, like the Chinese, might persuade themselves, and after a while, others, to the use of tea; having been accustomed to flavour the unpalatable waters of their crowded country with it, and being known all over the world for their wealth, and luxury, and exclusiveness. *Imitation*, beginning with travellers and shipmasters, and gradually spreading through consignees, and visitors, and neighbourhoods, would be natural; but how the plague a nation of dirty, starving savages, like the Virginia aborigines—the first families I mean, of course—with no commerce, no pomp, no luxury, no wealth, no reputation, should be able to set the world afire by simply blowing the white smoke of their little, nasty, twopenny clay pipes through their nostrils—whiff, whiff, whiff—is wholly unaccountable, as we say down east. And so with coffee—introduced, not with the “barbarian gong,” after the style of Powhattan, but with “barbaric pearl and gold,” perfumes, and sherbet, and scented waters. We can see how such things make their way, like a visible pestilence—gorgeous and winning, deadly and treacherous, over the whole earth.

They say that potatoes had to make a place for themselves over sea, after this fashion. The adventurer who landed the first little cargo on his own hook, tried to interest his neighbours by talking earnestly and continually about the productiveness of potatoes, and upon the advantages of their culture, and by giving them away, here a little and there a little, just for seed. But all in vain. His neighbours were shrewd enough, and watchful enough, and cautious enough, to stand stock still and wait the issue; and allow the philanthropist to burn his own fingers, instead of theirs, for a twelvemonth. And so the dear, good man had to plant them all for himself. But when they began to push up out of the ground—having learned the character of his neighbours, pretty much as most men do, after their potatoes are all gone—he set people to watch his field, night and day, till the crop

was ready for harvesting. Of course he found no difficulty, after that, in getting rid of his potatoes; they were worth watching, therefore they were worth stealing, and therefore they have become literally, within a period of two hundred and seventy years, the food of Nations.

But how with tobacco? Can it be because the Empress Elizabeth forbade the use of it; or because King James wrote his “Counterblast;” or because the Popes excommunicated all who smoked in churches; or because, in Transylvania, the penalty for using it was a confiscation of the offender’s estate; or because the Grand Duke of Moscow, and the King of Persia, and the Sultan of Turkey, slit the noses of their offending subjects, or marched them through the market-place with a spear in that member, and at last put them to death? If these were not the reasons, what were they? Nothing can be found in history—nothing can be guessed at, in all we know of the past, or hope of the future, to explain the mystery, if, in point of fact, these very prohibitions did not originally beget, and afterwards propagate, the intolerable mischief. Let the sober and thoughtful friends of temperance beware. People are mighty anxious to judge for themselves in this world; to touch, and taste, and handle for themselves whatever they see others unreasonably afraid of; to take sides against all kinds of persecution; to grow exceeding tolerant and magnanimous toward any act, usage, or faith, which smacks of independence or heresy. Like the poor girl, rebuked by her mother for wanting to have a peep at the theatre, they desire to see the folly of it for themselves. Call a man dangerous, and you make him so. When people see heavy and crushing penalties inflicted, or awful disqualifications threatened, they *will* know the reason why.

But enough of preaching. Let us try to embody the manifestations we are complaining of. Suppose we get up a picture, showing how this great lunatic hospital—the World—is befouled and besotted with tobacco-smoke. Half a dozen figures at most are all we need. We might begin with the beginner, and follow him up inch by inch to the top of a pyramid, and see him topple down headlong into the unfathomable gulf below, just when he is beginning to comfort and steady himself, with what he calls abstemiousness, and great self-denial, sixteen cigars, or eight hours smoking a day—half a dozen clay pipes—or a meerschäum in full blast from morning till night. But stop! this would be little better than downright plagiarism, there having been published years and years ago, a pyramid of Napoleon’s Life, showing his upward march, step by step, till his brain was turned—not

with tobacco-smoke to be sure, but with the smoke of battle and the scent of sacrifice, though he took snuff by the handful, and swallowed strong coffee, (the same thing in another shape,) till it was no wonder his brain turned; nor that, when he came to his senses, he found himself stretched upon a rock, helpless, and naked, and chained, with the vulture he had cherished there from his youth, eating his heart away.

We might begin with a North American savage, rolled up in his mat, and smoking all day long, and all night long, with wife, dog, and papoose, to wish the vile weed at the bottom of the Red Sea; but that would be a picture of itself, and would take up all the room we have to spare. And so too we might begin at the other end, with the little, dirty, ragged newsboy, facing a snow storm or a nor'wester, with a long nine in his mouth, and a live coal or carbuncle, half buried in white ashes, burning at the further tip, which, with his head poked forward and back and knees bent, he seems for ever trying to overtake, on his way round the corners. Ten to one the burning coal itself is only a tinsel imitation, and the white ashes all make-believe—but then, where should we leave off? We can't go through all ranks, from the unbreeched baby up to the ruffian boy, and pale, haggard youth, and blighted, shrivelled man, staggering blindfold over the precipices of middle age; and back again, step by step, to the unwholesome, dirty, trembling dotard, the "lean and slippered pantaloons," who having lived upon, will at last die of, tobacco. Let us content ourselves therefore with half a dozen brief, hasty sketches from life, by my friend here at my elbow,—mere outlines if you will,—and beginning with any one out of a dozen among our acquaintances, at home or abroad, the fashionables, the soap-locks, or the hod-carriers—the soldier, the student, or the loungee—Greek, Turk, or Christian. Ay, ay, sir!

Well then, to begin. There's that strange, good-natured, lubberly fellow, Michael O'Donovan, that used to be seen almost every day of the year, with a pipe in his mouth and a hod on his shoulder, loitering about the portico of the Astor House, and watching the other and better-dressed loiterers, as they flung down their half-lighted, or half-burned cigars, upon the steps, and gathering them up carefully, and wiping off the dust, and crushing them to powder for his pipe. D'ye think he was baste enough to put the raw tobacco into his naked mouth, as the goats and the quality do, without shame or grace? Not he! The happiest man living, with that miserable fragment of a pipe, always in full blast, under his nose; with a ragged hat falling in at the top and on both

sides, and his laughable face turned toward every bonnet and shawl he passed on the sidewalk with an expression altogether Irish, Michael was never the boy to demane himself with one o' yer dirty cigar-r-r-s. No, by the powers! as he used to say of himself, he was too much of a jintleman for that. And barrin' your worship's presence—that's the truth.

And then—but there goes another!—look at the fellow! or run after him if you will, and try to keep him in play here, while we hit him off, and serve him up, all hot and smoking,—“two a penny, three a penny, hot cross-buns!” Capital! You have got his outline to a T.

And now for another specimen:—observe the position of his head—the pointing of that toe as he comes down the step—the angle at which he contemplates the sky—stay!—one moment, if you please. There, there—you may let him go now. Our friend with the pencil has got the outline, and with our hints and recollections, enough to finish off his large, high-crowned, slouched hat, his abundant hair and bushy whiskers, and light cravat, and cigarro, evidently pointed at $54^{\circ} 40'$ —and everything else, even to that expression of entire self-complacency in what was undoubtedly meant for a countenance, with a pug nose to it—to the position of both hands in the pockets of his drab outsider—and to the knobbed and tasselled stick under his right arm. Of course that poor thing is in the middle of his fourth or fifth, “sense dinner.” Well, well, there's one comfort for him, and for his mamma—he'll be the sooner through.

And then,—surely we have none of us forgotten that incorrigible German student,—Herr Von Kopfveh, a regular bursch, whose whole property, after he had reached this “lant off te prafe, oont home off te vree,” consisted of a tabackspfeife, which he called a meerscham, in four pieces—“ter mouf-peesh, ter powl, ter dupe (meaning the tube), oont ter etvash, vat hintersh de jewsh vrom ket in ter dupe, unt shpile den tabac”—a small quantity of the weed in a dirty bag, a pair of iron-bound spectacles without glasses, a bushy beard, and a suggestion that he and others often mistook for a cap. The rest of his clothes, even to the white pantaloons and snuffy handkerchief, were borrowed. And yet, if all's true they say of that young man, he was at one time not a little of a scholar, and came of a good family, and might have lived and died, without a chance of being mentioned in the newspapers and magazines, hadn't his poor fool of a father sent him abroad, about five years ago, to finish his education—and himself—at a German university; for, sooth to say, he is no German after all—nothing but a native American gone

to seed—with both hands in his pockets, and elbows out. All he learnt abroad was to smoke the German pipe, eat German sausages, and blow the German flute—poor wretch!—to talk about Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, and Lessing, for ever and ever, and always in such a way as to satisfy you that he knows nothing of them, nor of their works—to forget all the English he ever knew—and guzzle strong beer.

One step farther, if you please; and if you would lose sight for a while of the loathsomeness and beastliness of smoking, and be persuaded into a belief that, by possibility, the practice might be endured, with some strange and luxurious qualifications, whereby tobacco may become a fragrant and generous herb, and the pipe an alembic for distilling attar of roses, lift up your eyes to the East, and study the fashion of the *hookah*, and compare it with the German, or English, or American pipe—if you dare. The Greek soldier of rank has rather a delicate taste; and, like the German, uses a pipe so contrived, that he breathes only the distant aroma of the herbs mixed with the tobacco; and for that high privilege, he is ready to lay down his life at any time. Stop a moment! and you shall have a sketch of him by our friend here, luxuriating in midsummer, with his purple velvet cap and heavy golden tassel, and richly embroidered jacket, and magnificent sash, and loose white trousers, taking an hour by the sea-side—there!—that's he—couldn't you swear to the likeness?

One touch more—and “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin”—just to show you the difference between that supple and crafty Greek and his oriental neighbour, in this one particular, the use of tobacco. That long Turkish pipe, springing so gracefully and serpent-like from the mouth of the fat lazy fellow you see at the top of our sketch, lolling cross-legged on a pile of sumptuous cushions and pillows of striped silk, is one of the most

beautiful contrivances on earth for concealing the truth, when people “eat dirt.” You see how fat he is growing, and how sleepy he looks. Well, that is all owing to the simple fact, that while his opium is real, his tobacco is all make-believe. In the first place, the bowl is crammed with sweet-scented herbs; then there is a little dust of tobacco—a little bright yellowish dust only; and then a little good opium; and then the pipe is so contrived that all the smoke passes through a porcelain or silver cup, filled with rose water, and a long flexible tube, so as to reach the mouth not like a current of hot steam, or filthy smoke, parching the throat, spoiling the teeth, and scenting a fellow inside and out, until, as you see every day, well-bred people are obliged to turn away, or clap their handkerchiefs to their noses, while he is entertaining them after the pleasantest fashion, as he thinks; but like the summer south wind, moist, and cool, and fragrant, “breathing o'er banks of violets.” And now, which of all these five are the barbarians, hey?

Here endeth the first lesson. Hereafter we may be tempted to try another for the encouragement of chewers, who instead of crawling about the inhabited places of earth, and crying, “*Unclean! unclean!*” occupy the most crowded of our thoroughfares, without shame or compunction, or any show of decency. Perhaps, if they were to glance at the white floors and richly carpeted saloons they have spoiled, in cars, steamboats, hotels, and private habitations, they might understand what M. G. Lewis really meant, when he spoke of the venom that dropped continually from the jaws of that serpent, coiled about the handle of a door to a forbidden place,—a smoking-room perhaps—why the plague don't they have *chawing-rooms*? have they no sense of decency left? saying,—

“And this juice of hell, wherever it fell,
To a cinder burned the floor.”

A MORNING SONG.

BY C. L. WHEELER.

AROUSE! the King of Day is making his way
Through the golden gates of Morn;
And list! gay chanticleer, both far off and near,
Proclaims the night forlorn!
Arouse!
And mount the fleet and graceful steed,
And o'er the hill away!
Till the dappled gray upon the mead
Dissolves in open day.

Arouse! the blithe red-breast has left its snug nest,
And sings amid the flowers;
Whilst the honey-bee, upon the flowery lea,
Improves the morning hours.
Arouse!
And mount the fleet and graceful steed,
And o'er the hills away!
Till the dappled gray upon the mead
Dissolves in open day.

CHANT OF THE DREAMS.

BY BATARD TAYLOR.

WHEN the Night's mid-silence fell soft and deep,
I heard a sound in the Realm of Sleep.
Under the light of the misty stars
A Fate unbolted the ivory bars,
And the curtains that hung in a stirless fold
Up to the jasper arches rolled.
The drowsy fountains ceased their play
In the darkened chambers, far away;
The low, monotonous breezes bore
Scent from the poppy-fields no more,
And a glimmering film, that, floating, spread
Through the vaulted vastness overhead,
As mists arise when the white moon gleams,
Made dawn to the waking of the Dreams.

Like gossamer barges, loitering free
On noonday's crystal and silent sea,
With balanced wings, through the deep repose
The manifold Dreams of the world arose.
The shapes they wore, as they launched away,
Sprang from the living heart of Day—
Shapes of beauty and power and pain,
Sent to revisit the slumbering brain.
Each, with its errand of joy or woe,
Burdened the air's mysterious flow,
Till Life and its voices seemed to sweep
The soundless tides of the Realm of Sleep.

FIRST DREAM.

Where the child slumbereth,
Dreamless and beautiful,
Close to his peaceful heart
Nestles my wing;
While he on sun-lighted
Meadows all blossoming
Roves with the butterfly—
Brothers of Spring!
Laughingly, gleefully
Rapt in my mockery,
All I foreshadow him
Daylight shall bring!

SECOND DREAM.

I seek the foul and clammy air
Around the felon's pallet bare.
The clanking fetters I unbind,
And sweep his limbs with mountain wind;
Beneath his feet I plant the turf
Where Summer rolls her flowery surf,
And through his pulses, throbbing o'er,
The mighty joy of Freedom pour.
He hears the surges shoreward dash;
He sees the foamy torrents flash;
And filled with boundless light and love
The sky's blue arches bend above.
O glorious world, no longer dead!
He sobs upon his dungeon bed,
Breaking the spell I cast in vain
With outflung hands that jar his chain,
Then beat the dark, unpitied air
In agony of blind despair.

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THIRD DREAM.

Soft is the flush on the maiden's cheek,
Slender the hand on her fragrant breast,
Parted the warm lips, as if to speak
The name in her heart when she sank to rest.
Low to her ear with a tender word
Bending, she calls me the sacred name,
And the dove in her bosom my voice has stirred
Flutters with love and with happy shame.

FOURTH DREAM.

Where the old man's temples feebly
Pulse beneath his thin, gray hair,
As he lies, with slackened sinews,
Once so bold to cope with Care:
There I sit, within the chamber,
Take his cold and shrunken hand,
Lead his heart submissive backward
Into Childhood's morning land.
Once again the light curls dally
Round his cheek of rosy bloom;
Once again his happy laughter
Blithely fills his mother's room;
Once again, in thoughtless joyance,
Earth to him is fairy ground,
Where, against all harm and dolor,
Home has drawn its charmed round!
Through the blessed time of slumber
Thus I rock his weary heart,
Till from pity of his waking
Weeping, sadly I depart.

FIFTH DREAM

I know my coward victim well.
I burst the terrible gates of Hell,
To summon its agents of pain and dread
Nightly around his guilty bed.
The ice that covered his lying brow
Melts in my flaming fingers now;
With burning eyes in his face I peer,
Whisper his sin to his shuddering ear,
Mock him with laugh and fiendish howl,
And twist on his limbs my serpents foul,
Till he gasps and struggles in dreadful toil
With their slimy terror and strangling coil.
Through his grinding teeth the quick groans burst,
The drops hang cold on his working brow,
From the mortal pangs of a soul accurst!
He has sundered my hell-forged fetters now,
And would pray to Christ, if he knew but how.

SIXTH DREAM.

Quiet keep! her weary spirit,
Patient now, with Heaven so near it,
Every trace of pain erases,
Folded calm in Sleep's embraces.
She hath suffered long, severely;
Not the ills of Being, merely;

In the stain of love she cherished
 Love's divinest blossom perished.
 Wrongs, in memory doubly painful;
 Scorn, un pitying and disdainful;
 Cruel hate and coward malice—
 All that drugs Life's golden chalice
 With the loathsome wormwood's bane,
 She was doomed in tears to drain.
 Now her woes no more encumber
 In the sainted peace of slumber,
 Ere the River, darkly going,

Yet to her from Eden flowing,
 Bathes her feet, and from her morrow
 Sweeps the darkness and the sorrow.
 On its shining banks I hover,
 Shedding balm her spirit over,
 Floating nearer, ever nearer,
 With a softer light and clearer,
 Breathing strains that once delighted,
 Linking hearts long disunited,
 Till the Dream that now is o'er
 Is a dream in Heaven no more.

Thus in the Night's mid-silence deep
 The Dreams went forth in the Realm of Sleep.

TO ST. VALENTINE.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

How camest thou in the calendar,
 Thou Saint perverse, gay Valentine?
 Since, not by penitential scar,
 Nor holy labours, made divine?
 I grieve to say,
 Thy votive day
 Strips all thy monkish weeds away,
 Thou Saint of most unsaintly play.

Strange fruit thou bear'st of cloistered hours;
 For when gray Winter's eye is blear,
 And Spring, expectant, knots the flowers,
 That on her bridal shall appear,
 Thou dost indite,
 Odd eremite,
 Such raptures as would shame thee quite,
 Didst thou confess whose pen did write

Thou walk'st the town and country way,
 A longer face there could not be;
 None would suspect thee ever gay,
 So close is thine hypocrisy;—

But wine and cheer,
 And wedding gear,
 And lads and lasses blushing queer,
 Betray thee, trooping in thy rear.

Thy brethren of the book and bell,
 That know what charge to them is given,
 And ponder how to quit it well,
 And look, with solemn eye, to Heaven,
 I wot they know
 What gaits you go,
 Grave wag in robes of priestly flow,
 Yet wink upon your amorous woe.

Your sport it is to mate the birds
 That follow ever with the sun,
 And rippling forth their loving words,
 They feel Life's business just begun;
 Their whistling wing
 Anon shall bring
 The balmy honeymoon of Spring,
 Clear, sunny, rapturous, carolling.

THE SEASONS.

SUGGESTED BY THE BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPIECE IN THE JANUARY NUMBER OF SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

BY EDITH MAY.

SPRING is the sweet soul of the shrouded year;
 Psyche, the butterfly, with painted wings,
 Forth issuing from the stony lips of death.
 SUMMER's a queen, that to the sun's pavilion
 Comes with rich gifts and odours, and a train
 Of rainbow-girdled showers, like Eastern almas,
 With tinkling feet, all musical with soft bells.
 AUTUMN's a stag, that, hunted through the hills,
 By the keen hound-like winds, flies, dropping blood,
 Or stands at bay in the full pride of beauty.
 And WINTER 'minds me of some lone, wild bird,

That, wandering from the Arctic, makes its nest
 In solitary fens, seeking for food
 The red marsh berry, and the mailèd buds
 Of the young, tender branches; or, athirst,
 Striking its sharp bill through the polished ice
 Into the wave below. It hath no song,
 Only a few weird notes; and when the sun
 Melts into shining pools the snow that lies
 In the rock crevices, it will go north,
 With the white water-fowl, that, trooping, fly
 In ranked battalions through the gates of March.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

BY SILVERPEN.

(See Portraits.)

THE names of William and Mary Howitt are not more constantly associated in the minds of all who are acquainted with the literature of England than they are indissolubly united in the hearts of those who have ever enjoyed the privilege of seeing them in their happy domestic life. They have steadily improved and extended, in the course of their earnest literary labours, the reputation which their early works gained for them; and through the long course of their married life, chequered with life's joys and sorrows, they have preserved in all the freshness of youth, the tastes and sympathies which originally drew them together. It is a quarter of a century since they published "*The Forest Minstrel*" together, soon after their marriage, and since they travelled over the Highlands of Scotland and the sweet pastoral country of the borders, chiefly on foot; but they can still, with the same unity of spirit animating a diversity of genius, fill up different parts of the same poem, or different descriptions in the same story, or watch over and enjoy the progress of their mutual works; or find pleasure in congenial society, or in the peace and beauty of fields and woods.

Qualities of sterling value, a happy mixture of energy, good sense, and the true Saxon power to work with a ready sympathy for all that is good and lovely in nature and humanity, and the power to express it, mixed in different proportions in each, have led to these results. It would not have been the same, had one been all solid prose, and the other all spiritual poetry. This might work well also, but it would be in a different way. It is the combination of both in each, in somewhat different proportions, which has made their life what it is.

Mr. Howitt has, however, another and a very essential characteristic beyond. It is a peculiar sturdiness, an uncompromising uprightness, which occasionally gives the impression that he has a hardness of character, while in reality he has a childlike sensitiveness for all simple goodness and truth and human emotion. But with whatever appears to his convictions evil, in things small or great, he is at war, and he never makes it any secret that he is so. Hence he is called antagonistic. He is,

however, genial and cheerful in temperament, and singularly unsuspecting, never imagining or suspecting ill, and this may be one reason why he is so impatient of it when it is forced upon him. He is quite unaffected, being an individual character; "a man," as Carlyle would say, and quite sincere. Whatever opinion he advocates, it is assuredly that which he believes to be right. He would never argue for victory, nor write contradictions to make brilliant periods. He is unimpressible by any factitious or conventional circumstances, and would be the same William Howitt in the midst of the most splendid aristocratic circles, that he is in his own house, among his family and friends, or that he was in the humblest cottage in which he received a welcome, when he was acquiring the knowledge of the habits and manners of his countrymen of all classes, which enabled him to write his "*Rural Life in England*."

On the other hand, and how important to mutual happiness this has been will at once be perceived, never was quotation more aptly applied than the lines of Chaucer, appended to the notice of *Mary Howitt*, by the editor of "*The New Spirit of the Age*."

"And so discreet and fair of eloquence,
So benigne and so digne of reverence,
And coude so the people's heart embrace,
That each her loveth that looketh on her face.
* * * * *
And all was conscience and tender heart."

As a farther and very important characteristic in a woman, she has that talent which can insure "a well-ordered home." In her qualities of wife and mother, and mistress of a family, she is admirable no less than in her beautiful ballads and lyrics, and a chance visiter may often find her employed, as Burns describes the mother, "wi' her needle and her shears." People are beginning to forget the very epithet of "blue stocking" now. It is so common for women to write, that individual authoresses are not tempted by distinction to affect singularities. But, whatever taint of pedantry may still attach to any of them, Mrs. Howitt has not a shadow of it. A stranger, not having learned her name, would indeed be struck by her conversation, full of intelligence, and the

spiritual light in her eyes, but might never discover that she was one of the most popular writers of the day; and should any within her reach need her help in sickness or sorrow, they will find that a love of the ideal does not blunt the true woman's sympathies or interference with her especial work.

Only to enumerate the names of the published works of William and Mary Howitt is enough, without any comment, to show their unwearied industry, and the titles will bring to those who have read them many a pleasant recollection of healthy and natural emotions, a spirit of fresh life and energy, and a sense of the beauty and poetry diffused throughout nature. Their "Forest Minstrel" was followed by the "Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems," and for some time their names were seen in most of the annuals and periodicals of the day, always with increasing popularity. Mr. Howitt's first prose work was "The Book of the Seasons," now to be found in every library, and which has gone through countless editions, but which met with such repeated refusals from the publishers to whom it was offered, that the author, in disgust, had once directed the friend who took charge of the manuscript to tie a stone round it and fling it over London Bridge. The "History of Priestcraft" followed, as if to show that William Howitt was as alive to the influences that have depressed and demoralized humanity as to those which, in the gentle ministry of nature, surround it ever with a blessing; and in this, as well as all his other works, is to be traced a highly devotional spirit, and a deep reverence for pure Christianity. The History of Priestcraft is now in its ninth edition, and the editions have always been of from two to three thousand copies. It was followed by "Colonization and Christianity," a painful but most necessary lesson, and one that has doubtless exercised a powerful influence, and assisted in bringing on the improved state of feeling and action which at last begins to manifest itself with regard to the aborigines of those vast countries over which the European races are fast spreading. But the delightful and deservedly popular "Rural Life in England," originally in two volumes, is, perhaps, of all Mr. Howitt's works, that which we should select as a type of the author and a lifelike portrait of its subject. It is no work of imagination. He traversed old England from north to south, and from east to west, to gain a thorough knowledge of the manners and customs of the people. No one can read his descriptions without perceiving the truth of them. What mere literary man, for example, could ever have invented that feast-day at the farmhouse, or the ploughman's breakfast in one of the

midland counties? And who, that had not walked over the breezy commons, and dived into the green woods, and looked from some grassy hill over the wide landscape, rich in verdure and cultivation, could place them all before us with such freshness and truth? These descriptions seem to bring a bracing air and vigorous life with them. They are in writing what Creswick's pictures are in painting. In the chapter devoted to the "New Forest," we are especially reminded of him, where "lovely streams come winding out of the shades and hasten towards the sea," and "you get glimpses of forest glades, and peeps under the trees into distant park-like expanses, or heathy wastes," and "the deer are wandering here and there."

Our limits will only permit us to enumerate the remaining works of Mr. Howitt, which indeed are most of them too well known to need comment. There are the two volumes of "Visits to Remarkable Places;" and then the "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," the "Student Life of Germany," a translation, and "German Experiences," in one volume each, and all of them the results of a residence of some years in that country, chiefly for the sake of the advantages it offered for educating the young family now growing up around him. The "Travels of a Journeyman Tailor" is also a translation. The "Boy's Country Book" would command a unanimous vote of approbation from all its constituency, if they were called on for an opinion. "Jack of the Mill" is also a boy's book. The "History of the Aristocracy" may stand as a companion to the "History of Priestcraft." Then follow the "Hall and the Hamlet," and "Homes and Haunts of the Poets," both in two volumes, in that pleasant style peculiar to their author. Two tales, in one volume each, succeeded them,—"My Uncle the Clockmaker," and "No Sense like Common Sense." We have also two translations, Miss Bremer's "Parsonage of Mora," and the inimitable "Peter Schlemil." The two volumes entitled "Pantika, or Traditions of the Most Ancient Times," stand alone, as yet, among Mr. Howitt's works, and prove the extraordinary variety of his powers. These tales are full of poetical and powerful description, of lofty thoughts and fine invention. There are also, of his, many short poems of great beauty scattered through various publications, which ought to be collected.

In this wide and varied range of work Mr. Howitt is always true to himself. His style is entirely individual, and has not a particle of imitation in it. He is always original and fresh, and the title alone of his work now in the press—"Green Boughs from the Forest"—brings an exhilarating, aromatic sensation with it.

Mr. Howitt is an eloquent speaker as well as writer, and at one period, upon the discovery of his political opinions by his fellow-townsmen, he found himself forced for a while into public life at Nottingham, as the advocate and champion of all popular measures. It was with difficulty that he could withdraw himself to follow out the literary career which he preferred, and to do so he was obliged to retire to Esher, in Surrey, carrying with him the esteem of the citizens he left, who voted him a silver inkstand at a numerous public meeting in testimony of it. The desire to exert an influence over the mass of people by means of a cheap periodical, devoted to the various moral, social, and political questions of the day, was, however, frequently uppermost in his mind for several years before the appearance of the many works of that nature which now circulate weekly, and in this wish he found a ready sympathizer in Mrs. Howitt. They both, therefore, willingly threw their talents into the "People's Journal," soon after its establishment in 1846. The result was disastrous. It is sufficient here to say that, having incautiously entangled himself in a partnership, Mr. Howitt was unable to get out of it until the whole savings of two lives of energetic labour had been squandered; while the separate journal which he established was dragged down by the entanglements of the other, notwithstanding its large circulation and its merit,—a sense of which has been manifested by the public in the subsequent sale of the whole of the back stock. The entire matter, in its pecuniary loss, and other bitter results still harder to bear, has been a severe shock to Mr. and Mrs. Howitt; but none know better than they that such trials must be endured with courage and turned to good. Misfortune has in no way impaired the energy of either. Among his other literary engagements at present, it may be added that Mr. Howitt is understood to write leading articles for various newspapers.

Early in her literary career, Mary Howitt published a work, now out of print, that was sufficient to have made her fame. Many a reputation has been based on far less solid foundations. Yet this work has somehow been nearly forgotten, in the midst of her many other claims on public admiration. "The Seven Temptations" was a series of dramatic poems of high and powerful quality, pervaded by a holy spirit and purpose, and fine imagination. We must hope that the world will see this work, with its melodious versification and the exquisite lyrics interspersed throughout it, in a new edition, revised by the yet brighter spirit which the passing years have awakened in its author.

Every lover of English poetry knows and

loves her Ballads. A beautiful edition of them, in a collected form, was lately published by Longman, in one volume. But Mary Howitt has a host of worshippers besides, who have not yet learned to appreciate these. She is especially the poetess of children. Her "Birds and Flowers" is a work of true genius, full of pure and lovely images. In these cases there are no such true critics as the children themselves, and there is no need to do more than read to them "Oh, come ye into the Summer Woods," or the good old "Apple Tree," or the "Oak Tree," or the "Stormy Petrel," to be sure that all these enter into their hearts and spirits. It is the same with her other poetical works for children, however precedence has here been given to "Birds and Flowers." There are "Tales in Verse," "Sketches of Natural History," "Hymns and Fireside Verses," in which, under the figure of Marien's Pilgrimage, "Christianity, like a little child, goes wandering over the world;" and in which there is the exquisite "Little Mabel," and the "Bay of the Southern Isle," which has made torrents of tears flow down young cheeks, to be succeeded by radiant delight.

It is the same also with descriptions of nature in her prose stories for children. Mrs. Howitt has a power, peculiar to herself, of so describing natural scenery as to interest instead of wearying children. There are many examples in her later works, especially "The Children's Year," "Our Cousins in Ohio," and "Steadfast Gabriel;" and who can reckon the value of the gift which any mind receives when it is first awakened to a perception of the beauty of nature?

Mrs. Howitt has written a great many books for children, and has, we think, improved in her later works of this kind, which are superior in subject and manner to the earlier. Besides those already noticed, there are, "Tales in Prose," "Strive and Thrive," "Hope on, Hope ever," "Sowing and Reaping," "Alice Franklin," "Little Coin, Much Care," "Work and Wages," "Which is the Wiser?" "Who is the Greatest?" "The Two Apprentices," "Love and Money," "My own Story," "Mary Leeson," and "Otto Specter's Fables," a translation.

Besides all that we owe to the original genius of Mary Howitt, it is to her we are indebted for that fresh infusion of invigorating life which has been thrown into our literature by the north of Europe. An accidental circumstance, while Mr. and Mrs. Howitt were in Germany, turned their attention to Sweden, its language and literature; and the result was her translation of the novels of Fredrika Bremer. What a world of thought and feeling and enjoyment, diffused over England and America, is included here. She has translated sixteen vo-

lumes of these delightful works, in which labour she has been assisted by Mr. Howitt. To her we also owe our acquaintance with Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet. She translated his beautiful "Improvvisatore," and "Only a Fiddler;" also his memoir of himself, entitled, "My Life," and the "Wonderful Stories," showing him to be, perhaps, the most exquisite writer of fairy tales for children in the world. "The Peasant and his Landlord," a translation from the Swedish of Madame Knorring, and the "Citizen of Prague" (Thomas Thyrnan), from the German of Madame Palzow, add five volumes more to this long list of translations.

For three years, Mrs. Howitt edited Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, furnishing the poetry for three volumes. She and Mr. Howitt, edited their own journal, and wrote weekly in it; they have also contributed to various periodicals, and continue to do so. There exist, scattered through these publications, a great number of stories and poems of Mrs. Howitt's, which, if collected, would make a beautiful and peculiar work, and which might be enriched and varied by many of Mr. Howitt's, written in the same spirit. These are of a nature in which they both excel, and in which she especially does. If she is the poetess of children, she is also emphatically the poetess and writer of fiction of the poor. She has a wonderful talent for throwing her sympathies and imagination into their life. She does not write "down to them," as it is called, nor does she, to use a French expression, write for them *de haut en bas*; nor does she lecture them, or preach to them; nor does she so describe them as to awaken the sympathies of the rich and the upper classes in their behalf, by showing them in their sufferings and wrongs; this is a fine walk of genius in our time, and one which has a powerful influence on all the best tendencies of the age. But this is not what we mean. This, though of exciting interest to the poor, is in truth addressed to the rich; for it is on those who have influence, on the law-makers and the powerful, that it seeks to do its work. She, on the other hand, writes so as to amuse and interest the poor themselves, and by an unconscious influence over them, to bring them into communion with her pure and enlightened mind. She seems to be inspired with a perception of the nature of their cares and pleasures, their joys and sorrows; she enters thoroughly into them, and in language so simple, that they can thoroughly understand it. She invents plots, the incidents of which are made up of these things, and are, as they must needs be, seeing "we have all one human heart," as full of pathos and strength and beauty, as if they concerned nobles and princes.

We could enumerate scores; but need only instance to any who know them, "Dick Timberley's Going and Coming," "How Robert Cottrell turned out Better than was Expected," "The Poor Child's Hymn," "Wood-nook Wells," "Timothy Cossington," "Mrs. Mugridge's Wedding Dinner," "Rosamond," and "The Letters of John Weldon." Such a volume, or two or three volumes, would keep many a working-man out of the gin-shop, and many a boy and girl out of mischief, if they were read at home in the evenings.

Mrs. Howitt has also published two novels, "Wood Leighton," in three volumes, and the "Author's Daughter," which appeared in the series called the Edinburgh Tales. The latter is a beautiful book. The story is of deep interest, and it is worked out with great power, and in a spirit of pure and high morality.

And now, having begun with the names of William and Mary Howitt united, we would fain end in the same manner; and, perhaps, we cannot do so in any better way than to repeat an anecdote which Mr. Howitt relates with peculiar gusto, showing how he delights to honour the name that is joined with his own.

He had had a long day's walk in one of his tours through the border country of England and Scotland, and after traversing Liddesdale, and all Dandie Dinmont's farm, night came on while he was in a wild, solitary country in Northumberland, the only habitation within sight being a shepherd's hut. There he asked the way to the nearest inn. It was fifteen miles off. This was rather unpleasant news to a tired traveller. But Keeldar Castle, belonging to the Duke, and used only occasionally by him as shooting-quarters, was near, and was occupied only by the steward and his wife. He resolved, therefore, to ask a night's lodging from them; and, being directed to find the way, he set out through the birch woods, with their silvery stems and quivering leaves lighted up by the moon, through dewy, mossy paths, and over heathery knolls, and had begun to conjure up many a fancy about enchanted castles, when he heard the sound of a bagpipe, and came in sight of the old building, and saw the bright light of a large wood-fire streaming out of the hall window, far across the dark court-yard.

Having obtained entrance, he found the steward's wife seated by this splendid fire, with her baby in her arms; but, though civilly accosted, he yet felt he was not welcome. "Her husband was out," she said, and she even began to talk of "the inn." The very sound, suggestive of long, weary roads, combined with the aspect of warmth and comfort before him, summoned up all the guest's eloquence; and the speech he made was wound up by

his taking possession of an arm-chair, and declaring that he must claim her hospitality for the night.

Somewhat coldly still, in spite of all this, his hostess asked his name. "Oh, you will know nothing of it. I come from three or four hundred miles off," was the reply. "My name is Howitt."

"Are you any relation to Mary Howitt?"

"A very near one. She is my wife."

The aspect of affairs changed at once. There was no more coldness or difficulty. Starting up with a cordial expression of welcome, the steward's wife busied herself in doing all that

was kind towards her guest. An excellent supper was soon laid, at which the player on the bagpipe, and another young man, joined them; after a pleasant conversation, in which a knowledge of most of the current literature of the day was apparent in his companions, Mr. Howitt was lodged for the night in an excellent bedroom; and next morning his host, having returned home late, and who might have stood for a portrait of Dandie Dinmont himself, heartily pressed him to stay for a week at least. He could hardly get away. So great was the honour paid to the husband of Mary Howitt.

"THE BONNIE BAIRNS."

BY MISS VIRGINIA SMITH.

(See Engraving in front.)

'NEATH a midnight sky, where the wild winds sigh
With a weird and a wailing chime,
In her blighted fame, knelt a child of shame,
On the lonely shore of Time.
Chill breezes blow o'er her bosom's snow,
But a plague-spot glowed within;
For round her, rolled in a scorching fold,
Lay the serpent-monster, Sin.

Wild dreams come fast, of a blissful past,
Ere the tempter's poison breath
Brought a fearful doom to her young heart's bloom,—
A bitter and burning death!
She weeps as the thought, with madness fraught
Strikes fierce through her fevered brain;
For the charmed rest of a tranquil breast
May never be hers again.

Through the heaven afar, on a cloudy car,
By the angel watchers borne,
Knelt the babies bright, which her guilty flight
Had doomed to a life of scorn.
The winds howl loud, but the wreathing cloud,
Like a couch all soft and warm,
Wrapt its shining fold, tinged with wavy gold,
Round each tiny spirit-form.

The sweet starlight, with a lustre bright,
And pure as an angel's vow,
Fell in glittering bands o'er their clasped hands,
And each curl-swept baby brow.
While in gentle prayer for the lost one there,
Far down on the midnight plain,
Stole a lute-like tone, till their blue eyes shone
Like violets after rain.

"Oh! shining guardian angel,
With the star-tiara'd brow,
In our home above the cloud-land,
Shall we meet our mother now?
We grew so cold and weary,
As the stormy night came on,
And the chamber hearth was dreary,
When our mother dear was gone.

And oh! thou sad sweet spirit,
With the softly drooping eyes,
Dost thou weep to think how lonely
Is the home beneath the skies?
But if thou wilt watch beside us,
While the starry tapers burn,
Thou shalt smile, for in the morning
Surely mother will return!

"We know that when the storm-cloud
Brings the chilly winter hours,
It can chase away the song-birds,
And the blossoms from the bowers.
And we know that when the sunbeam
Makes the silver fountain sing,
They all come back to play again,
Amid the merry spring.
We think our mother's sunny smile
Was brighter than the flowers,
Her singing voice was sweeter far,
Than birds in summer bowers;
Now, when they bloom and sing around
The banks of moss and fern,
Where we have played together,
Will not mother too return?

"They say her brow is clouded,
And her eye is dim with tears;
She who loved us both so dearly,
Is it not for us she fears?
And they say she left us strangely,
That she did us cruel ill;
Ah! sure they judge her wrongly,—
Is she not our mother still?
You take us to a radiant home,—
If mother only knew
That we were blest and happy there,
She would be happy too;—
And oh! if you would tell her now
How she this way might learn,
Which leads us up to God and heaven,
How soon would she return!"

ENIGMA.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

CHEERED by my first, to seek my fair
Last eve I gaily wended;
"This night will I my love declare,
And heart with heart be blended."
But ever be that hour accurst,
When I so vainly reckoned;
For ah, because I loved my first,
She would not be my second!

She said, "You are my rival's slave—
Her very breath you've borrowed:"
She said, "The kiss my rival gave
Still glows on lip and forehead."
She said, "You vain, presumptuous sot,
Too largely you have reckoned:"
She said, "Away, I know you not,
And scorn to be your second."

I'll go across the roaring sea,
I'll waste my life in battle
But ah, she'd weep no more for me
Than butchers o'er their cattle!
No—*this* shall be my vengeance, worst
Of any I have reckoned:
My whole can furnish me my first,
And *she* shall be my second.

TO ———.

A SONNET.

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

GRIEF is my life-long heritage, and tears
My boundless income's countless spending coin.
So deep my woe, that, what are others' fears,
Can to its utter dark no darkness join.
How stout soe'er my heart may seem to be,
How true to duty may my actions shine,
Still comes my soul's stern thought to torture me,
My life consuming on its altar's shrine:
And thus, in one vain strife, peace, strength, hope gone,
Day lost in night, and light unfound in day,
Bending to bitter fate, my hours wear on;
Though many loves shower on me sunniest ray,
Yet, lacking thy lost love's sweet earnest giving,
I lack all life that makes life worth the living.

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THE WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

(See Engraving.)

Who that has sat down in measureless content, and enjoyed the pleasures which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, "How long will this last? What will occur to disturb the happiness which is now vouchsafed?" I never had an animal to which I was particularly attached—and I never had one from a cat to a horse to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my use or caresses of it, and ask, "What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape, or death?"

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the inquiry arise, "How long will this last?" No sign of rupture is presented, no token of dissolution is observable; but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution. How will it come, and when?

I confess that such anticipations are not always the evidences of a well-balanced mind; too often they come from a morbid state of feelings, that frequently produce the very evils they suggest. The anticipation of evil is not so much the result of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a want of self-sustaining power.

Years ago it was my chance to be near a young woman, at the moment on which she was taking leave of a lover. She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

"Can it last?" said she to herself. "And why not? if he loves me now, when my station and consequently my manners are less desirable than his, surely he must love me more when I have had the advantage of his association, and have constantly improved by that intercourse." She passed onward. I heard no other words, but her steps indicated a heart at ease, or if disturbed, it was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

Can it last? and if not, when will it fail? How will its diminution manifest itself? These were queries which arose in my mind often, as I thought of the approaching nuptials. And

once, a few days after the marriage, I saw her leaning against the trunk of a tree which was then in full blossom. She was evidently connecting her own new estate with the lovely hopefulness of the branches above her, and as she raised her eyes again, it was evident that she was thinking of the future, which was radiant with hope. For one moment a cloud seemed to pass over her face; it was rather doubt than pain.

She looked again at the tree and its munificence of bloom; the cloud passed from her face, and she came away in evident delight.

That was a Spring of disappointment, as I remember; a frost destroyed the early vegetation, and entirely ruined the blossoms on the tree at which *she* had been looking. No fruit was borne.

It was, I apprehend, my own infirmity that led me to think more of changes which might come across the path of the newly-married person, than anything in her condition; for though I subsequently saw where the danger lurked, yet then it was with me only the foreshadowing of a somewhat morbid sensibility, that, failing in causes of immediate melancholy, contrived to anticipate enough to make the present gloomy with apprehensions of the future. So I watched. Blessed be the race of croakers, whose stomachs are constantly conjuring up a cloud to darken their minds, and who are too unselfish to let any one pass without the benefit of their overshadowing forebodings. I watched this case, for the first exclamation which I have recorded of this young woman had touched a chord of melancholy in my own disposition, and so I was anxious to see "how long it would last;" how long the peace, joy, and domestic felicity would continue. It did not seem to me that the disturbance could originate with her.

The husband was fond of amusements; and he kept and used a good gun and some well-trained dogs. But though these drew him occasionally from his home, yet the fine disposition of the wife found in the dumb but sagacious companions of her husband, objects of regard. She learned to like them, and, as became their gentle nature, they loved her, joyed in her

caresses, and seemed to have a sober resolve to watch over her safety, and to secure it even at the cost of their lives. I confess that I was disappointed at this, having anticipated that the litter of dogs would have disturbed the equanimity of the wife, and thus provoked reprisals from the husband.

It was not long before some event—I think it was the ordinary result of “*security*,” the miserable pride of trying to make one’s self considerable in jeopardizing the peace and comfort of a family by going “*security*” for a man, in whom others could not have had confidence, or they would not have asked security—that swept from the husband a considerable portion of the property which had made his condition better than the wife’s *before* marriage.

“And here,” said I, “it will cease to last.” I hope that my feelings were of the right kind; I think now that they were only those of curiosity. Some people seem to desire an evil that they have foretold—I think I only desired to know how the loss of property was to affect the wife.

Her husband was the first to tell her of the misfortune.

“I am sorry, my dear,” said the quiet wife, “sorry indeed. It will compel you to do much of the work which you have hitherto hired others to perform. Do not let the loss of your property mortify you, nor suffer yourself to dwell on the error, if it was an error, of the act by which the loss occurred.”

“But you—you, my dear wife——”

“It will not,” said she, “essentially affect me; it will not add to my labours or anxiety. I must look after the household affairs whether we have one farm or two.”

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that her husband should lose the social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed; but it was a pardonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This then was not much of a grief.

“It lasted yet.”

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause. I was not in the house during the short sickness of the child, but I attended the funeral, and followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the churchyard. When the clods fell upon the coffin I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting-place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed necessary to prevent her from “going unto him.”

And I said, “It lasts no longer.”

The friend and neighbour led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him, that she might lean on his manly strength, showed me my mistake.

The *mother* had suffered, but the affection, nay, the happiness of the *wife* was complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unsodded grave of her only child?

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministrations of new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as much as she, and yet at the moment of deepest anguish he had hushed his own grief that he might sustain her in her sorrow. The *mother* mourned, but the *wife* rejoiced. How beautiful and beautifying for the moment had sorrow become. It seemed to me as if affection had never before possessed such charms; it needed affliction to make it apparent, as the sunlight pouring through crevices into a darkened chamber becomes visible only by the floating particles that reflect the ingushing rays.

The affairs of the couple were not so prosperous as the virtues, the industry, the economy, and the womanly excellence of the wife seemed to deserve, yet she never repined. I think one or two instances of excess on the part of the husband drew largely upon the forbearance of the wife, but as even the excess was accompanied with expressions of affection—they, though rather maudlin, seemed to compensate. The feeling then was rather slight apprehension for the future than grief for the present—sorrow and deep mortification might have been felt. But these few instances, joined with some unaccountable decay of means, did not disturb the happiness of the wife, a happiness which seemed to me like a perpetual joy.

Was the woman apathetic? Had she no sensitiveness? Was she made to go through life with a gentle laugh, and drop into the grave with a smile? Her anguish at the death of her son proved the contrary.

The loss of property, to one who had been poor before, seemed to produce no grief; and let the reader remember, or if he has not known the fact let him now learn it, that the loss of property is more bitterly felt by those who have from poverty risen to possessions, than it is by those who from infancy to the disaster had always been rich.

The loss of property produced no grief.

The death of her child led to a new affection for and an enlarged joy in the husband.

His unfrequent but still obvious departure from sobriety, long unattended with rudeness or neglect, did not offend the pride of the wife.

“It will last always,” said I.

"I must moan as a mother," thought she, "I must abate a portion of my social state, and I may, once in a long time, be mortified by some low indulgence in my husband, but fixed, deep, permanent grief as a wife it is probable I am to be spared, as a comparison of my own constitution with that of my husband shows that in the course of nature I shall be spared the misery of mourning for his death, and be saved from the solitary woes of widowhood."

The loss of property rendered necessary more labour on the part of the husband, and that labour kept him more from his home than formerly; but the gentle welcome of the wife cheered the toil-worn husband, and her delicate caress changed the gloom settling on his brow into smiles of satisfaction. There was perhaps more pleasure in the efforts which she was making, to produce the evidence of gratification in her husband, than there was in the mere exchanges of smiles of welcome and thanks. The wife grew proud of her influence to bring him back to enjoyment; she felt a new consequence when she found that she could not only reciprocate smiles but dispel frowns, not only share in the pleasures of home but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification by producing the happiness of another.

It was late in a summer afternoon, and by appointment the husband ought to have returned two or three hours before. The noise of revelry had for a long time disturbed the outer edge of the village in which the dwelling was situated—some vulgar frolic, hitherto kept in a distant part of the county, had been adjourned to that neighbourhood—but the way of the husband on his return did not lie in that course. The wife had gone out frequently to watch for his approach, and to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile which makes home delightful, which attracts and retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and stretched her eyes along the road in hope that some token of his approach would be presented; there was none. Even the dogs that had followed her out failed to give notice of his coming. She leaned over the railing with distrustless hope—he would come soon, and would repay her for all her anxiety by extraordinary evidence of affection. She summoned up for her consolation the thousand kindnesses

of her husband, his constant, changeless love, his resistance of those errors that marred the domestic happiness of so many families; and like a true wife, she suffered the lustre of her own purity, excellence, and affection, to gild the character and conduct of her husband.

She was startled from her reverie of delight and charity by an unusual outbreak of noisy debauchery from the wretched drinking-house below. She leaned forward, and stood fixed in horror at the sight.

Her husband was in the midst of the riotous host, in sickening, disgusting familiarity with an abandoned one of her own sex.

She stepped back until an angle of her own house concealed from her the painful scene. A thousand previous matters that had scarcely excited a thought became then of importance, in the explanation which was given in what she had seen. She raised her apron to her eyes, but there were no tears; her hands dropped on the fence before her; a feeling came over her heart such as she had not before experienced.

She had felt as a woman regret for the loss of property—the mother had mourned the death of her child—and anxiety had been felt for some slight errors in her husband; but property could be regained by labour, or relinquished without effort—every dream of the mother gave back to her heart her beloved child and refreshed with a spiritual intercourse; and every waking thought that turned towards the dead one, was lustrous with the sense of his heavenly intercourse, and consoling in the promise of a future union—the errors of a husband, that do not imply dishonour, nor exhibit themselves as evidences of waning affection, may be mended or endured; but when the heart is suddenly overwhelmed with the evidence of shame, insult, dishonour; when all the purity of woman's thoughts is outraged with the proofs of guilt, and all the years of her charity and enduring love are dishonoured by the unerring tokens of ingratitude and infamy, and the confiding, the consoling, the truthful wife becomes the witness of the destruction of her domestic peace, despair sweeps over the heart, like the blastings of the simoom; and then, all the unmentioned sufferings of the woman, all the cherished sorrows of the daughter, all the poignant anguish of the mother are lost, in the overwhelming torrent of—"The Wife's First Grief."

NAPOLEON AND PRINCE LOUIS.

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

(See Engraving.)

On the evening of his departure for Waterloo, the Emperor was sitting with one of his marshals, when the young Prince Louis Napoleon entered, weeping, and knelt before him. "Oh, my dear uncle," he exclaimed, "go not to the war; those wicked allies will kill you. Let me go with you!" Poor child! He had a presentiment that this was his last adieu!

THE age of hero-worship is rapidly passing away. Men are beginning to learn that a people may win nobler and more lofty fame than that which flows from national aggrandizement—that individual distinction may be founded on a broader and a firmer basis than mere military renown—that courage, energy, and transcendent talent, may be devoted to better purpose than the destruction of the species, and the expansion of empire, even by those who, stimulated by "low ambition and the pride of kings," are struggling for the meed of popular applause.

Probably there never was a period when moral greatness was left entirely without reward; but for every Greek who lauded the high-souled civic purity of Aristides, marking his name upon the shell which aided to condemn him to exile, for the mere reason that he was styled the just, a thousand shouted pæans to the invulnerable butcher Achilles, or the cunning sage of Ithaca;—where one Roman bosom swelled with emotion on witnessing the self-immolation of Regulus upon the altar of Truth, where one Roman eye was moistened at the tale of Cincinnatus, quitting the dictatorial sceptre for the plough, ten thousand voices gave forth the praise of Julius leading his Roman legions to the overthrow of liberty. But now, thank Heaven, in all countries where absolutism, and the blasphemous doctrine of "the divine right of kings" have failed in brutalizing the general mind, the purpose must sanctify the appeal to arms, and the moral virtues must be superadded to military genius, before the conqueror's claim to greatness is acknowledged without reservation even by the masses. As surely as oppression begets oppression, hero-worship is the proper vice of slaves. But now, over two-thirds of the civilized world, the masses are struggling to be free—blindly, it may be, but earnestly; and could we summon from the vast unknown, the shades of Alexander and of Tell, could we place them before the assembled multitudes for whose good opinion ambition is ever ready to sacrifice faith, principle, and the domestic ties,—all that really ennobles the present, and gilds the dark gulf that separates us from the

future—how would the earth's conqueror pale, to hear the general shout in honour of the highland peasant—himself scarce noted in the crowd! Instead of weeping that there were no more worlds to conquer, more rational tears would flow at thought of the littleness of all those purposes in life that rendered him "so like a robber."

These thoughts have been called forth by the accompanying plate, which represents the modern Alexander on the eve of his last desperate cast for universal empire. Whether the little incident which the artist has endeavoured to portray, did actually occur, or whether it be a dream, the offspring of a fertile imagination, we need not pause to inquire; the moral is equally valuable in either case. The foot of the conqueror tramples upon human hearts, and final Justice sets her heel upon his own. Let us hope, if hope we dare, amid the shouts of "Vive l'empereur!" still heard among the mercurial and enthusiastic French, even under the banner of the Republic,—let us hope that his race may yet outlive the curse which visits the sins of the parent, sometimes not only on the *children*, but on the *house*, even to the third and fourth generation!

But wherefore, it may well be asked, should we attempt a lecture on this text here, in a land where the moral element of military greatness culminated in General Washington—the father of his country, whose deathless and unrivalled fame reposes, not upon what he won—an empire far more vast than that of Rome—but upon what he yielded—a power which, in the hands of Cæsar or Napoleon, perverted to a selfish purpose, would but have added yet another chapter to the long record of silly pomp and miserable slavery that fills the pages of past history.

Alas! even here are many deprived by social misfortunes or an ill-directed education, of that nobility of reason which is the proper inheritance of the species, who are still led away by the false glory of power, and worship, as true greatness, the ability to ruin and oppress.

It is for the benefit of these, that an American, a citizen of "the commonwealth of

kings," would vindicate the dignity of his class, and the true nobility of God's noblest work—a man!—would strip from the shoulders of "the hero of the age" the imperial purple that hides the littleness of the great man. Look at that picture. The object of a life hangs on a cast of the die. What wonder that sorrow clouds his brow! A little child would exorcise the demon of a low ambition by which he stands possessed—a little child of his own haughty race. The memory of the mountain echoes of Corsica, tossing in airy play the cadence of the goatherd or the vine-dresser—the chimes of Brienne, that thrilled him with a holy awe, while a mere schoolboy, "ere yet a fool to fame," comes over him with soul-subduing softness:—will he yield? Forbid it, Goddess of Victory! Forbid it, ye spirits of Chivalry and Pride! Did he not put away the wife of his bosom, to link himself with old legitimacy, and shall he listen to the soft pleadings of a mere manly boy? Fool! after having been the leader of the people, to graft himself upon an ulcerated bough of the fast-fading tree of tyranny—to sink from the emperor of the people, into the emperor of a dynasty!

But the destinies of the world are hanging on the hour. Shall the chosen favourite of fortune flinch now on the threshold of a final conquest? Conquest!—Of what?—For whom? Is it for France that the magnanimous hero sighs? Already her firesides are shadowed with gloom—her fields untilled—her people four times decimated in his wars; and how has he repaid her?

"With glory!"

"Whose glory?"

"His own!"

Magnanimous hero! And France was proud to have produced this man—sole trophy of all her blood and slaughter! Let us unmask the idol.

When Cæsar died, there was dignity, at least, if not true glory, in the fall. When a true patriot's arm arrested his ambition, and, by death, saved him from himself, he drew his cloak about him, and went to his repose without complaint. Not so the modern Alexander. He essayed the conquest of the world, and fell.—What followed? *A treaty!* and the world's master cried, "Give me a little earth for charity!" The emperor of kingdoms became, on sufferance, the emperor of acres. His mighty mind amused itself at Elba with all the idle ceremonies of his little court,—the baubles, not the substance of imperial sway, sufficed for his diminished greatness. Noble ambition! But let me not prove unjust. Hope was not then extinct, and perhaps he trifled with these toys for the amusement of the faithful few,—marshals and generals, dukes, counts, and states-

men, who had been the tools of his ambition, the humble imitators of his thirst for glory. Thus we have seen a parent condescend to teach his unfledged offspring how to curb the restiveness of grandfather's cane, as the bold urchin on his legless steed careers around the parlour. It is well to train the budding instincts early to their duty; and hope still whispered that the wheel of fortune might yet exchange this baby empire for the wider sphere in which he once had played "fantastic tricks in the face of the high heavens."

The wheel did turn. Again he stood a monarch in his capital. Expectant thousands waited to be led again to slaughter. Myriads of added victims were moving onward in

"Battle's magnificently stern array.

The thunder clouds closed o'er it!

A world was lost once more. Even hope was dead. And then, how fared the great man? Did he not fold his cloak around him, and while Religion thrust aside the dagger that Despair stood ready to present to the fallen hero, quietly retire with manly dignity to muse upon the heaven-stayed whirlwind of his selfish passion?

Ah, no! Now even the empire of acres had departed; yet on a desert ocean rock, warded and watched, the gewgaws and the tinsel trappings of his power still flitted before his vision. Within his little villa, the forms of state were mimicked, and the titles of social distinction were contended for with childish pertinacity. The Emperor Napoleon could not brook the courtesies so freely offered to the General Bonaparte, and while maintaining in haughty solitude, the exclusiveness, and exacting from his followers the homage due a monarch, he querulously disputed with his jailor the quality of wines and the service of his table!

"Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl."

Such is the character of the mere hero, drawn from the noblest specimen in modern times; and well it is for us that the heroic age is passing rapidly away. May the poor boy who pleads in vain in the picture that supplies our text, learn wisdom from the past. Wielding now the destinies of France, may no mere childish accompaniments of power entice him to resist the current of the age, which swept his uncle to destruction. "Why should they use me thus?" said Napoleon at St. Helena; "when I disposed of thrones for years, I was their equal." Had he but understood the genuine elements of greatness, he had been their superior. He was a conqueror and an emperor; he should have been that loftier thing,—a man!

LION-HUNTING.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

WE shall begin our essay on an exciting topic, by stating the dimensions of the field we mean to survey, lest some African traveller, or some admirer of Pringle's poems, should expect to find on our peaceful pages a breath-shortening experience in jungle-beating, or plan of operations by means of which the highly respectable monarch of the woods—a worthy legitimate, who laughs at all question of the morals of bloodshed—might, could, would, or should be taken, and put out of the way of exercising his rights at the expense of others any more. We aim at no such ambitious utterances. Our object is purely domestic; our suggestions point only at the parlour. Our intent is humane, and has reference to waste of life; but it regards the waste, not of blood, but of time. We may offer advice to the traveller, but our counsel will relate to caged animals only, whom to "poke up" is sometimes dangerous, while to inspect them at feeding-time may safely be pronounced indecorous, at least. We may find ourselves on quaking ground, perhaps; rendered insecure on one side by precipices of ignorance, and on the other by unsuspected sloughs of covert egotism; but we intend to be very wary, very modest, very candid, and very practical; giving our humble opinion in a low tone, and seizing upon all lanterns, crutches, and umbrellas of authority, wherever we can find them.

It were curious to inquire how and when such peaceful creatures as authors,—sheepish rather than fierce, generally,—acquired the ridiculously inapt *sobriquet* of "lions." Perhaps it was *quasi lucus*, etc., as we sometimes call the petticoated nursery-youth, who runs away from the cat, a hero. If not so, then must the name date from the period when it first became customary to make a show of whomsoever had written a book; and this looks back no great step into the past. May we not thank ferreting Boswell for putting the world upon the scent? As one man, stopping in the street and gazing intently at nothing, on the roof of an opposite house, soon becomes the centre of a crowd, all gazing at nothing like himself, but persuaded there is something, if they could but see it; so the strange passion of Boswell for celebrities, and the record he left of his success in that pursuit, set multitudes agog to ascertain what it was that could so

arouse the curiosity and quicken the wits of a very dull man. We have no account of any true lion-hunter earlier. Somewhat later, Miss Hannah More was not a little fond of basking in the light of eminent people; but she did not seek literary celebrities in particular. Early in her career, she indeed expressed a warm desire to see "a live author," and Dr. Johnson of all others; but she afterwards saw something far more attractive in a bishop. While the fancy lasted, it affords some rich touches of the lion-hunting spirit. "Miss Reynolds ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*. Yes! Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion?" The good lady soon became a lion herself, and saw the matter from within. No raptures after that. Speaking of a select party, she says, coolly, "Most of the company were *either wits or worthy people*;" and this company included Johnson, the Burneys, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Thrale, and other literary lions, the glory all rubbed off by familiar contact. The "worthy people" stood at least as high as the "wits," with whom they were contrasted.

The propensity to ascertain the personal traits of those whose writings have interested us, seems then not to be exactly natural, but rather akin to that *furor* which leads people to pay a shilling apiece to look at the chaise in which a murdered man had been riding, or the cord with which he was strangled. It is an effort to connect the sensible and the abstract, very commendable when the object in view is worth the pains, but certainly futile in most cases of lion-hunting. Youthful curiosity sometimes prompts the delighted observer of last night's drama to rush eagerly behind the scenes this morning; but after he has seen the timbers, the pulleys, the ropes, and the tallow-candles which brought about the dear illusion, what becomes of the fascination? The machinery is wholly uninteresting, though very proper in its place; mechanics and managers can allow for its roughness, but those to whom it is to give pleasure, should shun its disenchanting reality.

An author necessarily lives much in the world of thought; and it is his business to introduce his readers into that world, and to

keep them in it, if he can, in a species of communion delightful to both. That world is wide enough to contain multitudes of friends and friendships. The intercourse of those who inhabit it is near and precious. No incongruities or infelicities of the mere outward, raise chilling barriers between those who would meet in it. No dress is required but that of expressive words; no splendour but splendour of imagery. "Good society" in that world, includes many who are excluded from the make-believe good society of this; etiquette regulates itself, and stands in nobody's way, where companionship goes by affinity. How unwise to drag down the acquaintance of author and reader from this true, natural, unconventionalized world, to such a scene as that of our common, go-to-market, brick-and-mortar life! where mental affinities have so little to do with social ones, and where any attempt to seek out soul-kindred among the thousand voluntary or involuntary disguises that shroud it, is like playing "Button, button, who's got the button?" where one goes about, putting his closed hands mysteriously into everybody's cautiously-opened palms, pretending to give each one the button, which, after all, he reserves for the last, or drops where it is least expected. In the days of magic arts (unlawful ones), to cross a running stream was sure to dissolve the most potent spell; no less dangerous now to the gentler spell of the writer we love is it to cross his humble threshold, and force him to reassume his mere earthly shape. Bold adventurers in the cause of curiosity should reflect on the sight that met the gaze of Madame Blue Beard, and caused her to drop the trial key on the tell-tale floor. There is no knowing what one may encounter.

We shall not attempt to dispute the opinion that a man's body is in some sense the growth of his mind, his dress a further development, his house and furniture another. But are we quite sure of being able to interpret all these things unerringly, in the course of a morning call? Can we distinguish the mental trait which gave rise to a too-long nose, or the peculiar turn of mind which resulted in irregular teeth? Would the most discerning of us be able to trace home to its true parentage an unhappy choice of colours in costume, or guess at the idiosyncrasy embodied in awkward chairs and tables? The relation may be there, but are we provided with the intellectual witch-hazel that dips towards such occult veins, and enables us to trace them to their source? The richest ore is often so intermingled and overlaid with rubbish, that it takes a subtle test to detect its presence; and the over-confident seeker may well fail to find it, even where the next comer, better furnished, shall grow rich

by patient search. Nay, if alloy be necessary in order to fit pure gold for the uses of this work-a-day world, how much more pure genius? What could we do with it? It is veiled in very clay, conscious of its obscuration, willing to pass wholly unseen by the bodily eyes even of those who love its manifestations: why should we insist upon gazing at its humiliation?

What would society be if it were made up of literary people? The Irishman's "apple-pie made all of quinces." We should soon long for a less piquant and more natural state of things. "Always partridge!" would make plain boiled beef seem the greater delicacy. Authors, very wisely, do not seek each other's company; they know how dull it would be. They are far better scattered about among the wholesome ingredients of life, like plums in a pudding; a very great addition certainly, but nothing without the pudding. Let us not put in rash thumbs to pull them out. Rather take our slice with its accompaniments of homely suet and household bread, components that threaten no headache.

There is one rather important difference between your literary lion and him of the menagerie—a certain sensitiveness under examination, which ought, perhaps, to be considered when we are discussing the habit of "poking up" notabilities. Gaze through the bars at *Felis Leo* till you are tired, and he will meet your glance with a lazy stare, or perhaps go to sleep under it. Even if he be at dinner, he does not mind mouthing a bone, or growling a little, as if you were not there. But *Infelix Human Leo* is not gifted with this power of face. He feels your presence; he feels your eye. The gazer and the gazee are necessarily at opposite poles, and there is magnetic discomfort between them. As man and man, you might have met, on the top of the Himalayas, very harmoniously, and found out sundry affinities; which exist all the same, but will never become available, between man and lion. And it must never be forgotten that as in the fable, the lion has the worst of it. He is condemned to individualization, while his observers have the comfort and shelter of numbers, as like themselves and each other as pins. One must be very sensible, or very insensible, not to consider peculiarity a misfortune. We would not assert that one cannot rise above this, but that it is difficult. Sir Walter Scott would say to the friends in London with whom he was staying, "Well! do you want me to play lion to-day? I will roar, if you like it, to your heart's content." And afterwards, when the party had dwindled, and he found himself in private again, he amused himself with the recollection of his efforts to act up to his character, and quoted, "Yet know that I one Snug

the joiner am, no lion fierce," and laughed heartily at the conceit.

Yet even he was forced beyond his civility sometimes, as on one occasion by two visitors at Abbotsford,—from the United States, we blush to say,—who not only thrust themselves upon his family in his absence, without any introduction, but would have spent the day, satisfying their curiosity by asking numberless impertinent questions,—among the rest the ages of the poet and his wife,—if Scott had not, on his return, pointedly dismissed them, an act of self-defence for which he could hardly forgive himself, although the lion-hunters had outraged all decency in their intrusion. It is thus that the matter always stands between the game and the pursuer, in these cases. The latter has it all in his own hands. If the quarry, in desperation, turn and stand at bay, he is a sad brute, surely! His *penchant* for privacy is pride or self-conceit; his desire to possess his soul in quiet, ingratitude. Only this last summer, a distinguished foreign writer now travelling in our country incurred not a little censure, at a fashionable watering-place, because she ventured to signify her desire to be alone, sometimes, on the shore of the great ocean! Can anything be more tyrannical than this interference with private taste and habits? Even a nature genial and affectionate as hers, was put upon the defensive, for the gentlest bird will ruffle its feathers if the sanctity of its nest be invaded.

No legitimate inference can be drawn as to the tone of an author's character by the readiness or unwillingness with which he allows himself to be made a lion of, i. e., puts his time and thoughts at the disposition of other people. If the enthusiasm of pursuit be true and unaffected, as it often is, kindness dictates that it should not be chilled by realities necessarily unsatisfying; and also that the power of giving further pleasure by the pen be not frittered away in such bald discourse as can alone arise between people who come together under unnatural circumstances. If, as will sometimes happen, a vulgar curiosity be too evident, good-nature will indeed prescribe toleration, but can hardly inspire the cordial, satisfied, and quite-at-home manner which assures the lion-hunter that his visit is not unwelcome. There is therefore a sort of necessity for a put-on manner, since natural behaviour is very likely to offend. Now the worst-tempered man may, for popularity's sake, adopt a kindly manner, so that there is absolutely nothing to be gathered as to character from the seeming mildness of a poked lion.

But if the worried creature be cross, is it therefore to be concluded that he does not feel flattered by the attention he receives? Not at

all. He is flattered, but not in a comfortable way; not in a way that saves the necessity of blushing. He would rather have the implied praise in some other shape. He covets the shelter of impersonality. Approbation and sympathy are the nourishment, though not the life, of his power to give pleasure; but there are few people blessed with such happiness of expression as to be able to manifest these acceptably at first sight, or in such a way as not to embarrass the receiver. It is sometimes said that it is "the hardest thing in the world to say 'Thank you!'" but is it not a still harder thing to make an appropriate reply to "Thank you"? So a handsome compliment may be devised at leisure, but who has not pitied the sad straits to which it often reduces the person addressed?

But why must it be supposed that compliments are in question? Ah! there we come a little nearer to the soul of lion-hunting. When, in the common and natural intercourse of life, a palpable, direct compliment is offered, we call it flattery, and despise it. Yet we take the liberty of praising our lion to his face, as if he were a mere image or soulless shell of a man; an abstraction, an intellectual apparition, without the universal human attributes: one belonging so entirely to another sphere, that we may discuss him in his own presence, and decide upon his doings, like an Egyptian court of death settling the rank of a defunct for the unseen world. We remember hearing a distinguished author say, "When people talk to me about my 'works,' I feel as if I were dead and buried!" No wonder! Divings into one's inner self ought to be *post mortem*; to be demonstrated upon while one is yet alive must be excruciating.

Nobody can be long in an editorial position without observing one curious fact respecting the class of persons who present themselves to his professional notice: that every one of them fancies his own to be an exceptional case, worthy the especial attention of Mr. Editor, who is expected to show his judgment, his sympathy, and his admiration, by devoting a considerable portion of time to the service of his unknown correspondent. On the other hand, the editor knows, to his sorrow, that fifty of these persons have equal claims upon him, and that to gratify or satisfy them all would leave him bankrupt in time and fortune. So a part, if not the whole, must be passed over in silence, or "respectfully declined." Will any reasonable being blame our editorial friend for doing as he cannot help doing? How can his good-nature, or the kindest heart in the world, help him in performing the impossible? So with our lion. His day is no longer than other men's days, his life apt to be

shorter. He takes as long to dress and dine and sleep, must give as much time to exercise and amusement as other people, and feels also the necessity, which perhaps some other people do not feel, of devoting a certain (or uncertain) portion of the day to study, or other mental gymnastics. It would be difficult to determine how large a share of his precious hours he ought to be expected to give up to strangers, when he has not half as many as he wants for his friends. Any one or two of these, who desired to see him because they had read and admired his writings, he might be happy to gratify, but what is he to do for the rest?

It will not be suspected that we would justify writers more than other men in being selfish and unsocial; we would but apologize for them if they seem so, and plead in their behalf for the privilege of having some choice in the selection of friends and companions. Personal intercourse is a very peculiar and a very unmanageable thing. As a means of pleasure, it must be natural and unconstrained. On any other footing it is a mere penance, its nature entirely changed, its very heart taken out. It owes its charm to love, not admiration. It is a scene of equality and sympathy, not of flattery on one side and suffering modesty or ridiculous conceit on the other. It must be a spontaneous growth, or it runs into fantastic and unpleasing forms. Let one member of a circle feel that he is as decidedly and pointedly an object of attention to the rest as if every one had a lorgnette levelled at him, and the power to be himself would be the most wonderful one he could possess. Add the consciousness that he is liable to be shown up,—coolly daguerreotyped, body and mind, for some morning paper, or monthly magazine, or dashing book of travels,—and we have an incompetent notion of the position of a good-natured lion. Other portrait-painters have the grace to inquire if the picture meets the ideas of the sitter and his friends, but those who paint lions never do so. They draw a picture and write the name under it, and there it stands for a likeness for ever, though the artist may have been indebted to fancy or prejudice for every feature. Oh, it must be miserable, considering how rare is a true limning genius of this kind, to feel that one is being dashed off at a single sitting, when vanity whispers that it would take even an artist a good while to see us as we really are. The meekness with which great authors bear this every day, should pass for something like an offset against those traits which have caused the whole craft to be reputed a *genus irritabile*.

But this reminds us that some Mrs. Leo Hunter may say that our remarks do not apply to all literary notabilities, since there are some

authors who like to be pursued, and pointed out, and complimented; who will entertain their admirers by reciting their own verses, reading aloud from their own books, and finding in every theme something which obliges them to refer to their own published opinions. In these cases it would seem to us that the lion is doing his best to cure the hunter of his mania, by making himself very ridiculous, or very tiresome. We own to having hunted lions in our day, and to having seen an occasional specimen of this kind. Perhaps the habit of being chased induces ingenious devices of self-defence. If so, this is certainly one of the most effectual. We are crushed, like the misguided damsel of old who betrayed her native city, by a surplus of the very things we coveted. To ask for a drink, and have a pail of water thrown over us, would be a trifle in comparison.

It is the object of some moralists to strip life of all its illusions. We, on the contrary, believe that we were meant to have our better part nourished by them, all our journey through. A cast-iron distinctness given to every truth seems to us just as undesirable as a solid monotony in the face of external nature,—flowers that could not fade, skies ever blue or leaden, food to be picked up at the roadside, without the trouble and pleasure of winning it from the bosom of the earth, and humanity capable of being shown up in diagrams and described in form of Q. E. D. Let us have some fascinations! Let us have some dreams and fancies that we cannot wholly describe or explain; let us acknowledge the power and value of something besides pure reason. Let us pleasantly imagine authors to be the embodiment of their best thoughts, and not wilfully disenchant ourselves by seeking them as authors! When we meet them on common social ground, when circumstances bring us into their natural sphere, they are as agreeable as other people, perhaps, in happy cases, even more so, from coming out of their retirement fresh, and in the humour to enjoy society by contrast. In short, (as Mr. Micawber would say,) as human beings, they are very much like other people; it is only as lions that we need fear them.

We knew a little boy once who was very fond of playing bear,—the said bear being personated by a good-natured gentleman, who would get down upon all-fours under the table, and perform certain roars, with his head peeping out a little from beneath the cloth. But it was funny to see our youthful bear-leader, after arranging the whole affair himself,—putting his friend under the table and begging him to roar,—run away and hide his head in his mother's lap the very instant the performance began. So we confer, by the power of imagi-

nation, a fictitious dignity upon our lions. This is well; and, in order to enjoy the illusion, it is also well to run away from them afterwards.

One pleasant experience there is, we must confess, connected with the unpoetical business of lion-hunting. It sometimes occurs that a man of genius, whom we have known at first only as a lion, remains so long within our sphere that the spell is broken, and he re-assumes his natural and more lovely human shape, no longer a wonder, but a friend. No transformation in the Arabian Nights is half so charming. Query, whether the story of Beauty and the Beast may not shadow forth a benign change of this sort? To be sure, Beauty met with Beast by accident; she did not go in search of him. Perhaps, if she had, he would have died a quadruped, and never had an opportunity of showing his highest qualities. These spells are strange things; one never knows how they are going to work.

It is out of pure kindness that we have taken the trouble to give the inexperienced these

hints. Authors can doubtless take care of themselves, and be "not at home," when they choose, as coolly as fashionables. So we are not volunteering a defence of their privacy. Our remarks are intended for people who romantically desire merely to gaze upon the outward guise of those whose works have delighted them, or those less noble ones who fancy it a nice thing to know notabilities. (In this latter spirit we heard one little dirty boy say to another in the street, "Have you seen Jinny?" as if he had known the lady in question all his life.) But our pains are probably thrown away, for the infinite multiplication of writers in our day threatens soon to make it rather remarkable *not* to have written a book. So, as far as there is any exclusivism about pen-craft, it is likely to be reversed. An inmate of Bedlam is said to have congratulated himself and his fellows that they were shut up in that strongly-walled building to preserve them from a mad world outside. So those who have refrained from literary effort may one day be lions in their turn. It becomes them to beware.

LOANS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A LOAN is an entrusted possession, to be returned, or repaid. When not limited by any stipulated term of continuance, it may be reclaimed at the volition of the owner; and its temporary use, generally implies a favour, or obligation of gratitude.

Strictly speaking, are not all our earthly gifts loans? We are accustomed to speak of them, as if their title was inherent in ourselves, yet their unannounced departure often corrects this error, and discloses the tenure by which they are held.

All history is but a field to illustrate the shadowy nature of ambition's honours. Multitudes who, by virtue, or valour, laborious service, or hazardous enterprise, deemed themselves wealthy, or secure of popular favour, have been made examples of its uncertainty. Thus, was Aristides in his banishment, and Socrates, under the chill of the hemlock, and Columbus, in his sequestration at Valladolid, and the fallen Wolsey, in his remorseful admission:

"Had I but served my God, with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Still more touching was the exclamation of the noble Strafford, on his way to the scaffold:—"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, with whom there is no help."

The strongest antitheses of fortune, and of fate, have been exhibited in different ages and climes, by those who have held the hereditary sway, and borne the envied insignia of royalty. Hippias and Hipparchus taught ancient Greece the frailty of pride and power, when vengeance, unsheathing her "sword, by myrtle leaves concealed," struck one a lifeless corse, and drove the other a fugitive to Persian wilds. The same lesson was given to iron-hearted Rome, by the sons of Aucus Martius, when the sceptre on which they would fain have fixed their youthful grasp, changed like the rod of Aaron to a serpent, and they fled away, wrapped in peasant's weeds, leaving a stranger seated upon their father's throne. How mournful is the voice from England, our own ancestral clime, when the second of the Stuarts came forth, beneath the shadow of his own palace at Whitehall, to die, and one of the meanest of the people reddened his axe in the life-blood of his anointed sovereign. France made her

sixteenth Bourbon and his beautiful queen, beacons amid the quicksands of rank and splendour, as she hurried them from the brilliant fêtes of the Tuileries, the gorgeous gardens of Versailles, to the bar, the prison, the guillotine. Bonaparte read the fearful "*Mene, Mene, Tekel*," on the conquering banners of the allied powers, in the capitulation at Paris, in the solitudes of Elba, on the rough face of the great gray rocks at St. Helena. There, the heavy surges breaking against the shore, spoke hoarsely day and night, of the glory that was departed, as erst the ghostly "majesty of buried Denmark," accosted the musing, melancholy Hamlet.

Wealth, though one of the most coveted, is also among the most transitory of loans. It is unnecessary to revert to storied annals, or foreign lands, for a commentary on the inspired assertion that it taketh to itself wings, and flies away. It is subject to the sway of all the elements. Fire may devour it, water submerge it, earth swallow it, winds sweep it away. Its tendency to transition, to disappearance, without leaving a trace behind, is obvious to all, while the conscientious mind perceives yet another evil, *the danger of abuse*. "What way can Christians take," says the pious John Wesley, "that their money sink them not into perdition? There is but one way, and no other, under heaven. And this is it: let those who *gain* all they can, and *save* all they can, likewise *give* all they can. Then the more will they grow in grace, and the more treasure will they lay up in heaven."

Wealth, unallied to benevolence and a sense of responsibility, is perilous to our eternal interests. Faithfully used, as a means of influence, of imparting happiness, relieving suffering, enlightening ignorance, it is one of the richest blessings. What an example have we at this time, and on our own shores, of the noble adaptation of this gift to the highest purposes. The world has never seen, in a female form, such a union of rare endowments, unbounded liberality, and unostentatious goodness, as is now exhibited by our Swedish guest, Mademoiselle Lind. With the wonderful talents which, as the sister of the nightingale, she possesses, she cheers, charms, and elevates, with a singular freedom from all selfishness and display; while with the harvest of those exertions, she feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, comforts the desolate, aids the holy temple to uplift its spire, and the school to gathering listening children under its brooding wings, to all future generations.

"One there is, that doth inherit
Angel gifts, and angel spirit,
Bidding streams of gladness flow
Through the realms of want and wo;

Mid lone age and misery's lot
Kindling pleasures long forgot;
Seeking minds oppressed with night,
And o'er darkness shedding light:
She the seraph's speech doth know,
She hath done their deeds below.
And when o'er this misty strand,
She shall clasp their waiting hand,
They will fold her to their breast,
More a sister, than a guest."

But to return to our subject of *loans*. Some of them, we perceive, expire by their own limitation. The season of youth is one of these. Its beauty, and the attractions that depend upon that beauty, must pass away. Concealment, resistance, regret, are alike ineffectual. The rose and lily upon the cheek, like their prototypes in the garden, must blight and fade. Let us not, on this account, bear in our hearts the murmur of ocean's tinted shell. Time will tarnish and shred away the shining, luxuriant tresses. Why should we dread or be ashamed of the snows that he showers upon the temples?

He will scarcely forget to furrow the forehead. Let us meet his ploughshare with an added smile. The eye must abate in its brilliance, the ear, perchance, forfeit its exquisite perceptions, and the limbs their elastic play. Since these possessions are fleeting, is there aught that can supply their place or console us for their departure?

To every period of life, as to every changing season, there is a peculiar privilege, an annexing charm. Grave autumn may not wear the buds of spring, but it hath the glory of harvest. There is a beauty that surmounteth age. We will therefore seek, if advanced years are our portion, the evergreen that crowns the winter of life; we will wear the perennial adornment of cheerful interest in the young, and in passing events, a deeper forbearance, a broader charity, the spirit of those who, drawing nearer to a cloudless clime, should reflect its smile. We will take the beauty of heaven in exchange for that of earth, and be content.

Our most precious earthly loans, next to the salvation of the undying soul, are the partakers of kindred blood, the dear objects of affection and friendship. Yet, by the tenure of this transitory existence, they must either go from us, or we from them. The order of precedence is known only to the Eternal. Whether the silver-haired grandsire or the cradled babe shall be first summoned, the father, in the pride of his strength, or the daughter, growing up like a pure violet, beneath his protective shadow,—the mother, in the tenderness of her unfaltering love, or the son, upon whose young arm her weariness rested as a prop, is known only to Him who formed our frame, and re-

membereth that we are but dust. "For within a little while, we return to that from which we were taken, when the life that was lent us, shall be demanded."

But in what manner should the heart's loans be restored? We return a book to its owner, with thanks for the privilege of perusal; and repay money, with interest for its use. How shall we render back our soul's chief jewels, when He who entrusted sees fit to reclaim them? Must it be without tears? No! the voice of nature may have utterance, and we are permitted to weep, but not to murmur, or to repine. We should resign our precious ones, unmurmuringly, with gratitude for so long a period of intercourse and enjoyment,—with praise, if they were fitted for a higher state of existence, and called by the smile of a Father to his home of rest in heaven.

Thus, should we leave our dearest earthly friends, and our own lives also, meekly in His hand whose infinite love and wisdom will do no wrong, either to them or to us. *Our own lives*, said I? Have we aught that we can call our own the next hour or the next moment? The eloquent apostle answers us: "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your bodies, and in your spirits, which are God's."

May we, who have together contemplated the nature of our earthly loans, the uncertainty of their continuance, the suddenness of their flight, and the fitting mode of their restitution, be thus assisted faithfully to use, or fortified quietly to resign them; and with an eye ever reared to Him, who hath a right, when he will, to reclaim his own, "revere Him, in the stillness of the soul."

GREETING TO AMERICA.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

O, LAND of promise, fair and free,
Earth's opening morning-glory,
Columbia, hail! Fame tells of thee
A short, but wondrous story.
From Vasa's land to Washington's,
The way is far, but freedom's songs
From land to land, o'er rolling sea,
Ring with true heroes' glory.

I see thy peaceful dwellings rise
O'er boundless territories;
I hear thy children good and wise,
Proclaim thy future glories,
That "blessed are the rich in peace,
The merciful!" they will increase,
So says the prophet,—they will rise
To rule earth's territories.

In gold and silver rich thou art,
Thy crops are great and growing;
But richer still I know thy heart,
Its treasures overflowing.
To the oppressed thou callest, Come!
To homeless ones thou giv'st a home,
To hopeless hearts a hopeful heart,
To every growth a growing.

So mayst thou grow more strong and free,
America, for ever,
A blessing to all peoples be,
A blighted hope—O, never
But may thy eagles farther fly,
With cries for light and liberty,
Till hearts and thoughts, as eagles free,
Thy glory hail for ever.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

HORACE, BOOK I., CARMEN XXXI.

WHAT asks the Poet at Apollo's shrine,
When first he dedicates his votive hymn,
When with proud heart he pours the summer wine
From the wide goblet's brim?

Not the fat harvests of the island grain,
Nor flocks that crop the green Calabrian wold;
Not gleaming ivory from the Indian plain,
Nor yet the yellow gold.

Let the gay vintager 'neath sunny skies
Trim the rich clusters of the laden vine;
From golden beakers, bought with Syrian dyes,
The trader quaff the wine—

Dear to the gods, since thrice within the year
His ships have passed th' Herculean columns high,
Which, 'mid the roar of waves that stun the ear,
Frown on the Atlantic sky.

All these I ask not. Let me only see
Upon my board the humble olives spread,
And for a rarer dessert let there be
The mallow's tender head.

Thus, Great Apollo, speed my happy days,
In plenty rich, in mind and body well,
Nor to declining years be wanting praise,
Nor music's soothing spell.

THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF F. STOLLE.]

THE lovely Wilhelmine, just in her eighteenth year, the daughter of the poor clergyman's widow, hung upon my neck and wept. I tried to comfort her in vain. At last I grew a little impatient, and exclaimed: "But I don't exactly see what this great misfortune is which you lament so."

"Cruel!"

"A week is not an eternity."

"The daughters of the Counsellor are very beautiful," sobbed she.

"And if they were angels, just come down from the seventh heaven of Mahomet, what then? I'll only look at them, and then away."

"They are rich too," she sobbed again.

"Hanker not after riches, which the moth corrupts," I replied, strong in Scripture.

"I have the most melancholy forebodings," said Wilhelmine mournfully.

"It is always so at separations," returned I; "one is prone to fear the worst."

"Your uncle is inexorable?"

"Stone and iron are nothing to him," was my reply; "I declared to him I could not possibly marry either of the Miss Junghauels. 'Just see them once,' said he, 'and I wager you will be of a different opinion.'"

"There it is!" cried Wilhelmine sorrowfully, and clung anew around my neck; "do not leave me, Frank!"

"But what can I do?" I answered; "my uncle's wish is not unreasonable; if I refuse to accede to it, it will excite suspicion. My second father is persuaded that I dislike those ladies, only because I have never seen them; all he desires is that I should see them, nothing more. Cannot I grant him this satisfaction? Besides, this autumn weather is fair and mild; I get free from the counting-room for a week, and have a pleasant time of it."

"And you will forget me," said the dear girl reproachfully.

"My heart and my thoughts are with you always," I said in a soothing tone, "no matter how far away fate bears me."

When Wilhelmine saw that I was resolved to comply with my uncle's wishes, and start the next day for W—, where the rich Counsellor Junghauel with his three fair daughters resided, she resigned herself to the inevitable.

I was obliged, however, to promise over and over again that nothing should shake my fidelity. With all possible solemnity, and my right hand raised on high, I swore, in the light of the evening sky, where only a few stars were visible, to be true to her. Then followed a long embrace, an endless kiss, and the parting went off more happily than I had expected.

The next morning I set out in a one-horse vehicle for the beautiful country. But first I had a grand audience with my honoured uncle. "You will not regret this trip, Frank," said he; "the maidens are beautiful, intelligent, and well read. You will find there no silly little geese, such as are gadding about in our streets. You may take all your learning with you. And remember too, they will have each her thirty thousand dollars; just take care and bring me home a nice little golden daughter-in-law, and I will take you into the firm. In a year or two I shall retire, and you are a made man, and may sit snug and laugh at all the world. My tried old friend, the Counsellor, has set his heart too on this connexion. Every wooer is not so highly favoured. I had to run my legs off to get my wife. The old people were opposed to it, and spit fire and flames. Fortune lies right before you,—seize it at once."

"Seize it at once," said I to myself, as I retired; "that is soon said, but my hands are tied, good uncle, and so is my heart too; and even if it were not so, I could not consent to make my fortune in this way. These forced marriage ties, woven by a third hand, I hate them; it is a desecration of that union which should be formed only by loving hearts. As I am determined to go to W—, and please my uncle so far, I will just amuse myself with this bridal review. So much I owe to my benefactor, to whom I am indebted for everything. I am not forced to marry one of the damsels; I will merely look at them—that will not cost anything."

In these soliloquies, my little carriage rolled along the road. It was a lovely forenoon in autumn; the sun shone on the hills, on which the vintage was just beginning. The most fertile landscape flew past me; the boughs of the fruit trees were bent heavily to the earth. From tree to tree, planted on both sides of the

road, the busy spiders had during the night woven their silken webs, on which the dew-drops glanced like diamonds.

"I am a little curious about these daughters of the Counsellor," I continued in my soliloquy; "my uncle seemed at a loss for words in praising their beauty; but I don't exactly understand how they have remained so long unengaged if they are such miracles. I suppose my good uncle has been somewhat blinded by the hard dollars, as is often the case with these old speculating men of business."

I had set my heart upon meeting with some little adventures on the way; but here I was disappointed. The journey passed off without incident. All the more numerous were the adventures that were to befall me when I reached my destination.

It was ten o'clock on the next forenoon when I reached the large and handsome estate of the rich Counsellor. The morning was so beautiful, the country so delightful, that I resolved to leave my horse at a little inn about a quarter of a league from W—, and pursue the rest of the way on foot.

Having paid due attention to my toilette, I put my resolve into execution, and tripped along the nice footwalk like a young god.

Soon the stately buildings of the Counsellor's estate rose before me. I had only a little birchen grove to pass through before reaching the ample garden that adjoined the mansion.

I looked round in all directions, hoping to descry perchance one of the Graces whom I was to take for a wife, but in vain. In a field to the right a couple of women, peasants, were at work. I was just entering the grove when a slender female figure, clad in a graceful hunting-dress, with a fowling-piece in her hand, emerged from the green shade. She paused, and leaning on her gun seemed to survey the landscape with delight.

"If that is one of Junghauel's daughters," thought I, "my uncle was not so much out of the way; she is certainly very beautiful."

As I did not wish to disturb the lovely vision, I passed on as if I had not observed her; but I had scarcely proceeded a few steps, when a clear, woman's voice called out, "Halt!" "That can't possibly be meant for me," I thought, and continued on my way. Suddenly I heard a click, there was a crackling among the leaves, and a ball whistled just over my head.

I stopped instantly of course.

"The woman must be crazy," thought I, and cast a shy glance at the desperate shooter. She came slowly towards me. I was impressed in an increasing degree with her extraordinary

beauty. A figure which the ornamented hunting-dress set off to the greatest advantage, with blonde locks waving in rich fulness round her blooming countenance.

"What avails all this beauty," said I to myself, "if the mind is astray?"

The huntress had now come within fifty feet of me.

"Who told you to go on," she demanded in a tone authoritative yet musical, "when I bid you halt?"

"My gracious——" stammered I, quite bewildered by the angry beauty.

"I am not gracious," she quickly interrupted, "only God is gracious. What do you stop for now?"

"If I am not mistaken, a ball flew over my head——"

"Are you afraid of balls?"

"Well, of——"

"Fy! a man ought not to be afraid."

"But accidents may happen."

"At no accident should a man show fear, and least of all, of a lady. You were afraid, I suppose, that I should hurt you?"

"The lead whistled near enough."

"How? Do you think I sought your poor life? Do you take me for a murderess?"

"By no means, my lady."

"Do you question then my skill in shooting?"

"Certainly not."

"Well then, you shall know my skill. Over your head hangs an apple. Take it in the palm of your hand, and stretch your arm out; I'll shoot the apple off. Will you wager anything?"

"I don't like betting of this sort."

"Afraid again?"

"Man has his weak hours."

"Coward!" scornfully exclaimed the terrible creature, instantly taking aim again directly over my head. Click went the cock.

"Are you mad!" I cried, horror-struck; at the same moment there was a flash, and again the leaves crackled. I thought I should have fallen to the earth in my terror; the monster must certainly have hit my hat.

"Take your hat off!"

Mechanically I obeyed. The extraordinary huntress had shot a leaf off of it. I trembled in every limb.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Not to enrage the frightful maiden anew, I answered as politely as possible, "To visit Counsellor Junghauel."

"Then take care of the Counsellor's daughters," said she with a laugh, and vanished in the wood.

I gave wings to my feet, in order to get out

of the vicinity of this strange being as speedily as possible.

"The deuce!" thought I; "have I got into Turkey and the Middle Ages, where they shoot at people merely to while away the time? Who is this dangerous woman? A spectre that frightens people, or a living being, with flesh and blood? I guess the former. Would a human maiden practise her skill and criminal rashness, by making a mark of the head of a quiet traveller? Beautiful, it is true, divinely beautiful; but Heaven keep me from such beauty, which is all ready, will ye, nill ye, to blow one's brains out. No, commend me to my Minna, even if she is not quite as beautiful as this second William Tell.

"Said this witch, or wood-spirit, or whatever she was—said she not," continued I, in my soliloquy, "that I must take care of the Counsellor's daughters? If she is one of those dangerous beauties, the sooner I leave W— behind me, the better. I cannot believe that this wood-witch is a Miss Junghauel. Impossible! only a spirit, a wicked fairy, could behave so."

Although I kept my eyes about me, the fearful apparition did not again appear; and I got out of the grove without harm. One ought never to be presumptuous. I had longed for some interesting adventure, and had been vexed that my journey had passed off so prosaically. I had nothing now, forsooth, to complain of. A more romantic adventure could hardly well be. Alas! I was to be punished still worse for my presumption. One sins against his fate when he murmurs at it.

Still greatly discomposed, I passed along the wall which surrounded the beautiful garden of the Counsellor. I entered a spacious courtyard, and inquired of some labourers after the gentleman of the house.

"Peter!" cried one of the workmen to a little boy, "lead the gentleman to your master."

Peter ran forward; I followed, and soon found myself in the presence of the Counsellor, who seemed to me as hale and hearty as when I had seen him years before at my uncle's. He recognised and saluted me with great cordiality.

"Right welcome to W—," he cried; "I have long hoped to see you, and have written repeatedly to your uncle to express that hope."

I bowed respectfully.

"Make yourself at home," he resumed; "I will have you shown to your room. But first let us break a bottle of genuine Johannisberg together."

The man pleased me. A servant appeared at his summons, with wine and refreshments. We took our seats. From the window, near

which we sate, a delightful prospect was presented.

"It is a pity," began my worthy host, "that, just at the moment of your arrival, my daughters should all be absent. I should be happy to present you to them. I trust they will return by the afternoon."

"I suppose they are out, visiting," said I.

"No," replied Junghauel, "they are out upon business."

"Business!" thought I; "what business can young ladies have?"

"However," resumed the Counsellor, "that you may have some acquaintance with my family, at least in appearance, please to step into the next room, where their portraits hang."

I followed him. But how was it with me, when from the richly gilt frames, the three Graces of Greece seemed to smile down upon me, so beautiful were the portraits! But at the same instant, what horror seized me as I saw that one of the Graces was no other than the wood-witch, spectre, or William Tell, who, a little hour before, had almost shot my head off.

"This blonde here," observed Junghauel, "is my Louise, the eldest of the daughterly trefoil, a really wild one and a rover; a fine lad is spoiled in her. I call her my Nimrod, because she is so fond of hunting. I don't approve of girls having such tastes, but she will outgrow it; and as the child is at heart a real angel, I wink at her knightly exercises."

"Knightly exercises?" asked I.

"Certainly," continued the good papa; "Louise fishes, rides, shoots, like an old student; as I say, a fine boy is spoiled in the girl."

"As to the young lady's shooting," said I, "I believe I have already, this very morning, helped her to some proof of it. She shot a leaf off my hat."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Junghauel with surprise, "you have already made her acquaintance, then?"

I related my adventure.

"A madcap!" said the Counsellor, with a smile; "I recognise her. But you had nothing to fear; Louise has a sure eye."

"Allow me to remark that such manly employments hardly seem fitting for a young lady."

"True, true," confessed the doting father; "you are perfectly right. I preach to her daily—but it is in at one ear, and out at the other. If I get severe, and knit my brows, the child throws herself sobbing on my neck, promises improvement by all the saints in the calendar, and does not leave me until I look pleasant again. Then away she goes, and all

her good resolutions are forgotten; one cannot resist her—I give it up.”

We passed now to the portrait of the second daughter, Emilie, by name, as beautiful a brunette as I ever set my eyes on,—high, commanding beauty; but here, in the lineaments of the countenance, a certain manly resolution was discernible. I stood with delight before the picture, and could not tear myself away. The Counsellor observed with evident pleasure the interest I took in the picture, and remarked,

“That is my Dieffenbach!”*

“Dieffenbach?” I asked, with surprise.

“Dieffenbach,” he repeated with a smile.

“Emilie is the most skilful surgeon and operator in the whole country round. At this very time, she has gone to amputate the arm of a poor fellow—it was the only way of saving his life.”

“A very elevated calling,” I observed, although it seemed to me hardly the thing for a charming young lady.

We turned to the third portrait, which smiled down upon the spectator no less charmingly than the others. Rich dark curls waved round the blooming features. The features were softer than those of the others, and spoke more tenderly to the heart.

“I hope,” thought I, “that this lady does not share in the pursuits of Nimrod and Dieffenbach; she looks more gentle and feminine.”

“That is my Oken,”† said the Counsellor.

“What! The naturalist?”

“Just so,” continued my cicerone; “this, my youngest daughter, bears the name of Ernestine; but I call her my Oken. The maiden is as conversant with Natural History, as a professor. Nothing is dearer to her than the study of Nature, although it has its disagreeables.”

“Disagreeables?”

“Ay; you see, my young friend, the maiden brings home to me, from her wanderings over hill and valley, woods and fields, so many ugly creatures, that I have sometimes nearly lost all patience. There’s such a crawling and jumping and twisting of snakes, lizards, and toads. Ernestine is, besides, a great friend of spiders, of which she has a very valuable collection. If you could only procure for her a specimen of the American tarantula, you would be exalted to the very heavens.”

I shuddered.

“Yes, you should see Oken’s boudoir,” resumed the happy father; “you would not suppose yourself in a young lady’s chamber, but in a museum of natural curiosities.”

“But,” I exclaimed in utter amazement, “how came your fair daughters, sir, to take up such strange pursuits, so abhorrent, one would think, to their very nature?”

“I will tell you, my young friend,” said Junghael. “The fact is, the girls early lost their mother, a fine woman, whose portrait also you may see hanging there. I could not attend to their education; I thought I had done my best when I procured for them a master, who was most highly recommended to me, and who brought them up like boys. Their only companion was my son Bernhard, who was unhappily drowned at the High School, where he was studying medicine. From him his sisters have learned and inherited their respective pursuits; Louise her fishing, riding, and shooting, Emilie her surgery, and Ernestine her natural science. However, I live in the hope, that when my daughters have found husbands to their hearts these strange passions will die away. Housekeeping will leave them little time for hunting, amputations, or scientific inquiries. I admit I ought to have endeavoured to correct the evil earlier, but the thing is done and can’t be helped; we will hope for the best.”

The more I thought over these singular qualities of this beautiful trefoil, the more was I pleased with their pursuits, as these would justify me in declining to accede to the wishes of my uncle. I could not possibly think of a Nimrod, a Dieffenbach, or an Oken for a wife; no reasonable man could fail to see that. What availed all the gold and all the beauty! But still I was very curious to make the acquaintance of the two younger sisters;—they must be most lovely maidens. I did not care much about Nimrod. The fright of the morning still lingered in my limbs; I could not feel comfortable in the vicinity of the huntress. The desperate creature could at any moment shoot away my food from my lips, a pinch of snuff from my nose. There is no trifling with firearms—that I knew by experience.

After passing in review the family picture gallery, I returned with the Counsellor to the breakfast-room. We were scarcely seated, when the barking of dogs was heard, and Louise, upon a snow-white pony, sprang into the court-yard. One could not wish a more charming sight than this bold, handsome rider, in her rich hunting-dress. Every movement was full of grace; and yet I could not suppress a certain dread at the sight of the strange maiden.

After Louise had ridden up and down several times, she leaped out of the saddle and hastened towards the front door.

“Now you will see the madcap a little nearer,” said her father, who had been watch-

* The name of the celebrated German surgeon.

† The name of the celebrated naturalist.

ing her, not without evident delight, from the window.

As he prophesied so it happened; the door was flung open and Louise rushed in, and without regarding my presence in the least, flew to her father and threw her arms around his neck.

"You wild girl!" exclaimed he, with difficulty disguising his delight under a tone of severity, "do you not see who is present,—a very dear friend of mine?"

The beauty, still glowing with the exercise of her ride, drew up her lovely form, and measured me with a look in which no friendly welcome was visible. A slight expression of scorn appeared round her beautiful mouth.

"If I do not err," said she coldly, "I have already made the acquaintance of this gentleman."

"I was so happy," I replied with a bow, "as to serve you for a target."

"I could wish that you would behave more becomingly," said her father reprovingly; "but you are incorrigible, Louise."

"Tattling already!" said the maiden in a tone which sounded sufficiently contemptuous. Turning then to her father—"Only think, father," she added with a laugh, "the young gentleman thought I had a design upon his life!"

"When you speak again," said the old gentleman with some sternness, "I request that you pay to a guest, whom I esteem, due respect."

Louise answered not, but turned angrily to the window, where she stood fanning herself. After some moments she stepped quickly up to me.

"Are you practised in pistol shooting?"

"Some years ago," I confessed, "I used to shoot with an old pistol at a mark in our shooting-lodge."

"Well then," said she quickly, "come with me to my shooting-stand; we will shoot for a wager."

"But, my daughter," interposed her father, "let our guest rest to-day; to-morrow, or the day after, you can shoot to your heart's content."

"But you are not tired?" she asked, turning to me.

However I may have felt I had to disclaim any fatigue.

"But," I objected, "I shall be thrown quite into the shade by your skill."

"No matter for that," she replied, and drew me away almost against my will.

"But it will soon be dinner time!" cried her father after us.

"You have only just breakfasted," replied

the eager shooter, "who would be so unreasonable!"

I soon found myself with the beautiful blonde at the shooting-ground she had had prepared for herself. The maiden was so expert at fire-arms that I was but a Hans Taps in comparison. I had not touched a pistol for five years.

The shooting at a mark commenced. As I foresaw I was completely distanced. I thought myself lucky if I only hit the mark, which was the size of a plate, while Louise's ball regularly hit the black.

The maiden, however, soon grew tired of shooting at an immovable object; she shot at birds, at the leaves of the trees. At last her recklessness reached the highest point,—she produced a card.

"Hold this card up!" said she.

I felt rather uncomfortable. "For what purpose, my lady?"

"I will shoot the centre out of it! You need not be particular to hold it very still."

"But, my lady, just consider!"

"Attention! I am going to fire!"

I flung the card from me.

"You do wrong!" I exclaimed; "I have not the least doubt of your skill—on the contrary——"

Louise stood before me with the levelled pistol, like an angel of judgment.

"Will you instantly take up the card and hold it out for a mark? or I shall singe one of your whiskers with the ball."

"I conjure you, have done with your dangerous jests."

"I am not in jest," she replied with cool composure, and aimed directly over my head. Hearing and sight went from me. I dodged down, caught up the card, and held it out as far as possible. I felt that I trembled, but I had rather lose my arm than my head.

Crack went the pistol; involuntarily my hand twitched. Louise came springing towards me.

The madcap girl had really shot through the centre; but, in spite of all this skill, I was greatly disturbed.

"My lady," said I, "to confess the truth, I do not like jests of this sort."

"It's all one to me!" she answered with a laugh, "I like them."

"Will you give me my revenge and hold the card for me?"

"Why not?" she replied, "so soon as you have attained to equal skill."

"And if I were a second William Tell I would not aim at a fellow-being; it is downright wicked."

"You are a coward!" she said contemptuously, and skipped away, leaving me very impolitely to my own meditations.

"To have such a creature for a wife!" thought I, "a great comfort that would be; one would not be sure of his life for an hour! No, though she were seated in gold up to her ears, I would have none of her;—good Minna, although you are not as beautiful, you have nothing to fear."

"I see very plainly," I thought, as I returned to the house, "that I shall not stay here long."

The old gentleman came towards me. He appeared to perceive my annoyance.

"Nimrod," said he, "has put you into a little fright again."

"Sure enough," I replied, a good deal disturbed, "the young lady is no doubt an excellent shot, but I am not fond of such military exercises."

"You have not the slightest reason for fear."

"The deuce I haven't!" thought I, and replied: "No one can have the direction of the deadly lead completely in his power; a quicker movement of the pulse, the tickling of a fly, may give a turn to the musket not intended."

The Counsellor appeared to assent to the truth of my words. He made no reply, but turned the conversation.

We walked through the garden, and paused before a gigantic sun-flower, which arrested our attention.

"I do not remember ever having seen so large a flower of the kind as this," I remarked. The Counsellor thought that still more beautiful ones were to be found in other parts of the garden.

While we stood looking at the flower a shot was heard, and a ball whistled by us within a couple of feet, and the flower fell as if cut off from its stem by a knife.

The Counsellor himself was now really irritated.

"You are right," said he, "the girl goes quite too far!" and turning to Louise, whose angel face appeared among the shrubbery, he commanded her to put away the fowling-piece, and not touch it again for four-and-twenty hours.

Nimrod vanished.

"I hope," said her father as we approached the house, "that my Emilie will efface the unfavourable impression made by her sister by her certainly very rough humour. She is quite the opposite, and while the other frightens everybody with her shooting, Emilie is, through her more useful art, the benefactor of the suffering."

We reached the room where the dinner was served in the most elegant fashion. There were five covers, for Junghauel, his three

daughters, and my humble self. A servant entered and inquired whether we were ready for dinner.

"Have Emilie and Ernestine returned?" inquired their father.

"Not yet."

"And Louise?"

"Miss has just ridden away."

"Well then," replied the Counsellor, without further expressing his dissatisfaction, "we two will dine alone."

"I don't understand," said he, after we were seated, "what the madcap would be at. I have never seen her quite so wild as to-day."

The absence of Nimrod was by no means disagreeable to me. Had she been there I don't think I could have eaten a morsel;—she would certainly have brought a couple of pistols with her to the table.

The dinner was most excellent. The terror which the shooting maiden had thrown me into left me particularly hungry. I was just on the point of setting to when the door opened, and the dark-haired Emilie entered.

The portrait had not lied. The maiden was, if possible, still more charming than Louise. I was as one enchanted before the angelic apparition. I recovered myself, and bowed with the greatest respect; but Emilie, like Louise in the forenoon, paid no attention to my compliments, but hastened to her father and embraced him heartily.

"Succeeded excellently!" she cried. "I am quite happy the worthy Arnold is saved. Just look, the arm was already beginning to mortify."

And with this she took the amputated limb out of a cloth, and showed it to her father.

I, who have always had the utmost aversion for surgical experiments, was perfectly horror-struck at sight of the arm. It was all over with my appetite.

"But, my child," said the Counsellor, "we are eating our dinner; how can you bring such a thing before us?"

"*Naturalia non sunt turpia*," coolly answered the female surgeon. "How can art and science disturb your appetite?"

"If you forget me," said her father, "you owe some regard to our guest. Mr. Frank Steinman," he added, introducing me, "the nephew of my worthy friend, of whom I have often spoken to you."

At these words Dieffenbach cast upon me not the most friendly looks in the world.

"If I had known," coolly spoke the beautiful mouth, "that the gentleman would be horrified at an amputated limb, and could not bear the sight of blood, I should certainly have spared him this result of my successful opera-

tion; but I supposed he was an educated, scientific man."

Mademoiselle Emilie now became to me as intolerable as her highness, her mademoiselle sister. Her father chid her, but his words were as wind; Dieffenbach troubled herself not in the least at the paternal reproof; she was altogether too much occupied with her amputation, and she was just upon the point, while she again held out the arm, to make certain anatomical principles intelligible, when her father lost all patience.

"Take the horrible thing away!" he cried in a rage. Emilie carefully wrapped up her arm again in the linen cloth and vanished.

"I cannot conceive," said he with vexation, "what has got into the girl to-day; she is not always so urgent with her surgical knowledge. The success of her operation must have turned her head. But now let us set to, and go on with our dinner. The foolish maiden!"

I was not in condition to swallow a crumb. The horrible sight of the bleeding arm had driven away my appetite for a good week to come.

After a few moments Emilie returned and took her seat at the table.

"Set to, my friend," said her father to me encouragingly, as he observed that I played with my fork without putting it to my mouth.

As I did not wish it to appear that the amputated limb had frightened away my appetite, I drew out my handkerchief and held it before my mouth.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the Counsellor anxiously, and Dieffenbach looked inquiringly at me.

"My bad tooth begins to twinge," said I.

"Do you suffer from a bad tooth?" asked Emilie hastily.

One lie begets another. I answered:

"Yes indeed, if an atom gets into it, it gives me most horrible pain."

"It must come out!" said the female surgeon with decision, and sprang up and hastened to her surgeon's case.

I was terrified. My two-and-thirty teeth rejoiced in the most perfect soundness.

"I beg, my lady," said I hastily, "do not trouble yourself; the pain is already beginning to abate."

"The grinder must come out," said Emilie with passionate earnestness; "a bad tooth is like a bad conscience—it never rests, although it may be still for a moment. You cannot be secure from pain an hour."

"I thank you very sincerely," said I deprecatingly, as I observed with horror how the desperate maiden drew out from the case a frightful pair of pincers.

"At least you will permit me to examine your teeth."

"Oh," thought I, "if I once open my mouth this furious creature will have my whole jaw out."

I bit my teeth as firmly as possible together, and murmured a multitude of excuses, which sufficiently betrayed my dread of dental operations.

Dieffenbach, who did not appear to listen to my protestations, drew a chair to the window, commanded a servant to bring water, and then, with a sweet smile, invited me to take my seat.

"Satan himself," thought I, "must have led me into this house." I declared again and again that I could by no means consent to the operation; I solemnly protested that it was altogether against my principles.

"I will not do you the slightest harm," replied Emilie, "but dentistry is one of my most favourite studies. You will at least permit me just to examine your teeth."

It was in vain that I objected. I was in danger of showing myself a rank coward. I did not like that. I refused indeed, apparently out of mere politeness, to accede to Emilie's request; but all was of no avail—I had to take my place in the chair and open my mouth.

To my terror the Counsellor left the room, and I found myself wholly in the power of the monster.

Emilie took another instrument out of the case, and scratched and scraped at my poor teeth, which was by no means the most agreeable sensation. However, I suppressed my pain and kept still. Then came another instrument, and then there was a new scratching and scraping. I suffered like a very Job.

"Will you be so kind as to clear your mouth," said the operator, handing me a glass of water. I did so, and saw with horror that I spat blood.

"Nothing is more injurious," said Emilie, "than for the gums to grow over the teeth,—I have corrected that evil."

"So!" sighed I, and hoped the operation was over; but no, Emilie produced a third instrument, still more frightful than the last.

"I will not trouble you any more," said I, and shut my teeth closely together.

"Just one moment!" entreated the desperate dentist,—the murderous pincers were in my mouth, and in an instant seized a tooth. A perfect transport of horror seized me.

"For God's sake!" I stammered, "you will not—" but at that instant I thought the back of my head was off; and while Emilie held up before me a beautiful three-pronged grinder, she observed with great coolness:

"You see it had to come out—it was already defective and would have injured the others, and caused you great suffering."

I was more dead than alive. My tongue was involuntarily in the frightful hollow left by the tooth.

"Allow me now," continued Emilie with unaltered composure, "to restore the torn gum to its place."

"Ah, Satan take you!" I was about to exclaim in a frenzy, when I felt the soft finger in my mouth, putting the gums in order.

While thus employed, "You have two other back teeth," she remarked as if nothing had happened, "which threaten to be defective. If you please, we will extract them also, and avert future evil; as we are at it, we had better do our work thoroughly." She resumed the pincers, but I actually shrieked out, and jumped out of the chair as if stung by a tarantula.

"As you please!" she observed smiling, and carefully put up her instruments, while I continued to spit blood.

Having arranged her case, Emilie with a polite bow retired, and I was left to amuse myself with reflections upon this new, unexpected, and most extraordinary adventure.

"It must be confessed," thought I, boiling with rage, "never was man treated so before upon a bridal excursion. One of these ladies almost shoots my head off, another pulls me out my soundest teeth!"

I regarded with silent melancholy the beautiful tooth with its grand roots. I had never had the slightest reason to complain of it.

The sudden cry with which I had protested against a continuance of the barbarous operation, had no doubt reached the ears of the Counsellor. He came hastily in and inquired the cause of my apparent distress.

"Your lady daughter," said I, not in the politest tone, "has been pleased, notwithstanding all I could say, to deprive me of a sound tooth, a service for which I can hardly thank her."

"Sound?" said he with a shake of the head; "I am a little doubtful on that point. Emilie, as the best physicians have assured me, is very skilful, and especially in dentistry."

"I have learned that," answered I, "although I had not the slightest desire to test her skill."

"You should be thankful," said Junghauel, in a tone of comfort; "by a little pain you have been saved much suffering hereafter. You have nothing to fear from my daughter's sure hand. The operation is happily over. But, my friend," he added, "you will need

rest; an hour's nap can do no harm. If you please, I will accompany you to your room."

I was delighted at the idea of getting clear for a while of my tormentors.

"After tea," said the Counsellor, "we will take a little walk over my estate. It is a fine day."

I was shown a comfortable chamber, beautifully furnished, with a delightful prospect from the windows.

"Here you may find amusement too," said my host, pointing to a richly filled book-case. "If you need anything you need only ring."

Wishing me a refreshing siesta, the Counsellor withdrew. I was alone. I looked out of the window and was refreshed by the beautiful prospect.

"This is really a charming residence," thought I, "if it were not for these girls with their devilish pursuits. The old man is much too weak against these furies. That Dieffenbach has pulled out one of my teeth, so that I spit blood as if I were in the last stage of consumption, he really seems to regard as a friendly service; I suppose he is quite delighted with his daughter when she pulls out his friends' teeth."

"At all events I'll not stay here long. I will see Oken, however, and fulfil my uncle's wishes to the letter, and then I'm off. If I were to stay here much longer, I believe Dieffenbach would have my legs and arms off, unless they were first shot away by Nimrod."

During these cogitations I continued spitting blood—I felt no pain, but the hole in my jaw was very uncomfortable.

"I must certainly confess," said I to myself, "I never saw more beautiful creatures. They could hardly be handsomer—but what is all their beauty, if one's life is not safe? But I want to see the third sister, Ernestine. To judge by her portrait she is softer than the others; she is a naturalist, and at least does not operate upon human beings, like Louise and Emilie. What her papa has told me of her fondness for spiders and similar insects is, to be sure, not very recommendatory, but it does not endanger one's life. This confounded blood-spitting will never cease. I guess I shall get along best with Oken."

"It is lucky for me and Minna," thought I, continuing my reflections, "that these maidens have such singular passions; and besides, they certainly give themselves no particular trouble to make an impression upon a young man's heart; in fact, they seem to be bent upon maltreating me. If it were not so, and if they only kept themselves quiet like other girls, I should have to look out for my heart, and no one would wonder at that in the case of such extraordinary beauties."

I would gladly have smoked my cigar according to custom, but the blood in my mouth would not allow it. I was greatly excited by the strange adventures which had befallen me within so short a time. A brief hour's sleep on the sofa could not fail to be welcome. I took off my coat, stretched myself out in my shirt-sleeves on the sofa, as it was rather warm, and with my remaining one-and-thirty teeth, laid my tired head on the cushion.

Sleep came, but it was no sleep that could refresh me. The torture I had suffered with the weird sisters was worse in my dreams than in reality. Now Louise was shooting off my head, and now Emilie was digging at my teeth. So they alternated, each vision growing worse than the preceding. The perspiration started from me, as if I were in purgatory; I ached and groaned enough to draw pity from a stone. After Nimrod had shot a hole through my body, so that the sun shone through, then came Dieffenbach with a string, on which hung my one-and-thirty teeth. I was toothless, like an old man of eighty; but my torture was to be still greater. Dieffenbach produced a long thin iron, sharp as a needle, and was about to operate on my heart. I protested naturally, and strove to keep her off with desperation, but it was in vain. Invisible hands seized and held me hand and foot; I could not move; my heaving breast was laid bare, and with a demoniac laugh, the horrible creature plunged the steel into my heart. The perspiration rolled from me. I cried out and awoke.

After my eyes were open, I thought I was still dreaming, and my hair stood up like so many tapers. Emilie stood in reality before me, a lancet in her hand, my arm stripped up, and a dark red jet was flowing from it into a basin, which a maid-servant was holding.

"Mercy, what is the matter with me?" I murmured, in a most melancholy tone, for the loss of blood made me faint.

"Hush, hush," said my murderess, for so I really took her to be; "be quiet, or you will disturb the bandage."

"Are you going to kill me?" I stammered.

"By no means, but your feverish state, a real delirium, in which, as I came into the room without knowing you were here, I found you, led me to fear the worst; I saw that nothing but instant bleeding could relieve you. See here, for yourself, how feverish your blood is."

But I saw nothing, for my head sank back upon the cushion and my eyes closed.

"Only a bleeding," sighed I; "God! thy ways are wonderful." A fainting fit came to my relief.

In the course of an hour and a half afterwards, I was staggering, pretty well weakened

by the cursed bloodletting, at the Counsellor's side, over his beautiful estate.

"I walk too fast for you?" asked my companion, observing the efforts I made to keep up with him.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "I feel rather weak."

Junghauel stopped, and in a kind and sympathizing tone, remarked:

"My poor fellow, you little dreamed, when you set out on this pleasure excursion, that you would need to be bled."

"That I confess," I answered.

"I cannot conceive," continued the Counsellor, "what bloodthirsty spirit has got possession of my daughter. I assure you that otherwise she is one of the gentlest creatures in the world."

I could not see it so.

"But," said Junghauel, "you must really have been in danger. Emilie has a sharp eye, and would never have bled you, had it not been necessary."

"But what could have ailed me?" I asked; "at the most I was only a little deranged by the tooth-pulling."

"A little loss of blood," continued the Counsellor, excusing his daughter, "ordered by a careful physician, and effected by an experienced hand, never did any harm; I am satisfied of that."

The singular man seemed to find some justification for all his daughters' follies. I believe if they had cut my head off, he would have thought it all right.

"And as to the tooth," said he, "you ought to be right glad to get rid of it. I have examined it, and agree with Emilie, I don't believe it would have held out a year."

This consolation could help me little. If the tooth were not sound, I don't know what soundness is. And even if it were right to have the tooth out, one might wait till he was driven to it by pain. My last grinder had never given me the slightest trouble.

I considered not without anxiety the whole state of my health, and reflected whether there might not be something out of the way with me, that could attract Dieffenbach's notice, for I was not sure that some new operation might not be impending.

After we had wandered over a good part of the estate, and I had admired everything, as the day was declining, we turned towards the house, where the tea-table stood ready.

The young ladies were again absent. Heaven only knew where Nimrod was hunting, Dieffenbach cutting off limbs, and Oken pursuing her investigations.

I was indeed curious about Oken, and I must confess I longed to see the lovely maiden. In

her case one would have nothing to fear; I was not a beetle, butterfly, or tarantula.

The Counsellor seemed annoyed at the absence of his daughters. He must have felt the rudeness with which his worthy guest was treated. He was hard put to it to find excuses for the maidens.

"You must not take it ill of these wild girls," said he; "I confess it to my sorrow, left to themselves, they have grown up without restraint, and what with their odd tastes, they have no idea of what passes in the world for politeness. I see very well, it can't go on thus much longer. They will grow perfectly wild; I must take them in hand. They all love me devotedly; in this respect I could not wish for better children. I am not without hope of getting them into order. On the whole, I had rather that they should grow up thus, unsophisticated by city life, than that they should be mere fashionable ladies, in whom all nature and purity of heart are lost."

I have never met with a father who seemed to dote so on his children. He kept on talking about their manifold good qualities.

I was heartily glad that neither Louise nor Emilie was present. My appetite would certainly have been spoiled.

The Counsellor stepped to the window. Evening was coming on. "We cannot wait any longer," said he, "Heaven only knows where the girls are. Let us be seated."

We took our seats. The exercise had made me right hungry, although the remembrance of the amputated arm from time to time disturbed my appetite.

We had been at the table some fifteen minutes, the lights had been brought in, when the door opened, and the long-expected Oken entered.

I rose, made my bow, and my admiration of the beautiful maiden became rapturous.

Yes, this Oken, the divine Ernestine, this was the one for me. As beautiful as her sisters, but gentle, amiable in the highest degree. She did not, like Nimrod and Dieffenbach, run rudely by me, without noticing my presence, but modestly bowed to me. She excused herself prettily for being so late,—had she known that so agreeable a guest had arrived, the most interesting scientific investigations would not have detained her.

I sat in the third heaven, and had to guard my heart with all my care against the sweet eyes of this charming maiden.

Ernestine was dressed, although somewhat fantastically, yet with great taste. One thing I did not exactly like, and that was a heavy singular glittering ring which she wore round her white neck. I could not conceive how this beautiful girl could happen upon such an odd necklace.

Oken took her seat at the table. The conversation became very lively. It turned upon natural history. Ernestine spoke with animation; her dark eyes beamed most brilliantly.

To ingratiate myself with her, I pretended to feel a great interest in her favourite science, although I had never given it any attention. Father Junghuel was quite happy. The good man looked at us as if everything were settled between us. Wine and love overpower me with equal facility.

Oken was speaking of the amphibious animals, and mentioning some of the latest discoveries made by naturalists; but I troubled myself little with the learned lecture, and looked only at the beautiful mouth, which spoke so fluently, and at the beautiful eyes, which sparkled so brightly. Suddenly a most singular object was dancing directly under my nose. I stared at it with all my eyes, and had nearly fallen backwards, chair and all, in my fright. Merciful Heaven, there was a real, live snake, stretching out to me its horrible head and wicked tongue!

"Here you have a very fine specimen of the—" Ernestine named a Latin name.

I was beside myself. From my childhood I had had an extraordinary respect for snakes. With horror I remarked that Ernestine had taken off her necklace, and was holding it towards me.

"Afraid of snakes!" laughed Oken, "and yet interested in natural history? That is not possible!"

With this, the cursed snake's head, with its forked tongue, persecuted me like a fiend. The terrible maiden seemed to feed upon my agony. She held the monster right at my face.

"I pray you for God's sake!" cried I conjuringly, "free me from this horrible sight."

"I see nothing horrible," she returned very quietly; "just look how gracefully it moves!" Again the snake's head danced directly under my nose. I sprang up and began to retreat. Ernestine followed with the snake.

"I can't understand," now began her father very coolly, "why people have such an aversion to snakes."

"The d—l!" cried I, continually drawing back before the pursuing monster; "I can't endure the beasts!"

"Away!" said Ernestine angrily; "you are no genuine naturalist." And with that she slapped me in the face with the snake, so that I absolutely cried out with fright, and then she wound the animal like a chain round her beautiful swan-like neck.

I had had enough now of the Counsellor's third daughter. He had seen my annoyance, and had repeatedly bidden Ernestine to desist from her cruel play, but the maiden seemed

possessed by the devil, and she tortured me so that the perspiration dropt from my forehead.

"The deuce take you all three!" said I to myself, as I wiped my forehead with my pocket-handkerchief. "You won't see me here again very soon. To-morrow I'll be off, and say good-by to this house, where no man, no wooer, least of all, can stand it."

Oken, after she had settled it that no scientific conquest was to be made of me, followed the way of her sisters, and treated me with marked contempt, quite *en bagatelle*. My sprouting love could not have been more effectually withered.

Junghauel remarked, not without dissatisfaction, the change in the behaviour of his daughter. He appeared almost to blame me for it.

"I could not have believed," said he, "that you would have been so disturbed by a little, harmless snake."

"He *is* frightened, isn't he?" said Ernestine, with a smile; "we are a different sort of people."

"One cannot help his nature," said I, solemnly.

"Nature!" exclaimed she, "what do you know of nature? Pray, never mention the word."

She grew positively uncivil. I was filled with resentment, and was about to answer the unfeminine maiden somewhat tartly, when she made a suspicious movement of her hand towards her live amulet. I swallowed my retort, and resolved upon retreat.

"Suppose," said the Counsellor, as he pushed back his chair, "suppose we should smoke a cigar?"

The proposal was by no means disagreeable to me. A burning cigar in my mouth, might afford me some protection against the African reptile. I meant to smoke so furiously, that Ernestine and her amulet might be suffocated together.

"But you know, dear father," exclaimed the maiden, "Bibi cannot bear tobacco smoke; can you, Bibi?"

"You are right, my daughter," replied the Counsellor; "I forgot it;" and turning to me, he added, "Excuse me, my dear sir, but the graceful little animal really cannot bear tobacco smoke."

And so for the sake of the graceful little animal, I had to renounce my habit of smoking after tea. Things were carried pretty far.

Like her sisters, Ernestine still continued to torment me. I was not for a moment free from the fear of the horrible Bibi.

"If this naturalist," thought I to myself, "would only be off and go to the d—l with her snake!" But friend Oken had no idea of

going. I suppose she wished to compensate me for her long absence.

For two everlasting hours I had to suffer; so long the *soirée* lasted. I could not take any pleasure in the beautiful eyes of Ernestine, for my eyes were fastened on the snake; I was in constant dread, lest Bibi should slip off from the neck of his mistress, and make me a visit. At all events, the little eyes of the snake glittered most suspiciously.

I shall never forget that evening. I thanked my stars that the two other sisters were not visible. Thus far I had had only one to deal with at a time. That was some comfort. If they had concluded a triple alliance, and all three operated upon me at once, I should have been lost beyond redemption. In every evil, there is a good which neutralizes it in some degree.

I had suffered so much all day with fright, loss of a tooth and of blood had come upon me in such rapid succession, that my energies were completely prostrated. Every noise at the door made me start, for I was in continual fear that either Nimrod or Dieffenbach, or both together, would come in and begin to practise some new and unheard of mischief upon me. Nimrod would have set about snuffing the candles with pistol-balls, and Dieffenbach, as soon as she remarked my feverish condition, would have been for administering pills and blisters.

From all these possibilities, however, Heaven be praised! I was saved. Neither Louise nor Emilie made her appearance.

Ernestine at last retired. The old gentleman, as was his custom, instantly took occasion to descant upon the merits of his darling, as he called his youngest daughter.

"One gets accustomed to her strange taste in time," said he; "but I am not without hope she will forget all these things when she is once married."

I began to long for bedtime. The Counsellor perceived my weariness at last, and, to my great joy, accompanied me to my sleeping chamber.

"Now," thought I, "I shall have some rest at last, after all the fears, and dangers, and sufferings of the day." We wished one another a good night, and I found myself alone. I was so tired that I instantly undressed, extinguished the lights, and groped in the darkness towards the bed. After some fumbling, I fortunately reached my object, drew down the coverlet, and was about to make use of my couch, when I sprang back with horror; I had touched some hard object that moved. If I was not deceived, it was a tortoise. No power on earth could have induced me to use the horrible bed. While I was thinking whether

I should cry murder, or let the matter rest, something bit my great toe so furiously, that I shrieked with pain. A huge crab hung on my foot. I danced about so frantically, that at last I shook off the monster and hurled it against the wall. I fled to the sofa. A harrowing thought seized me. "What if they have fastened me up in Ernestine's cabinet!" The idea became every moment more and more probable, for all around there was a creeping, and a scratching, and a rustling, that sounded most suspiciously. Instantly something crawled close to my ear. I clutched at it, and seized with a shudder a great beetle. I hurled it with fury away from me, and heard it crack against the wall. Scarcely was I free from the beetle, when something bit the calf of my leg.

The idea that the new enemy might be an earwig made me raving; for no living thing had I a greater aversion than for the aforesaid earwig. I had heard dreadful stories of this creature. I caught like one possessed at my calf, but I could not catch the biter; the thing had certainly crept up higher, for I certainly felt a twinge on my thigh. I now sprung from the sofa, and sought for means to light a candle, but nothing of the kind was to be found. I trod upon some frightful kind of reptile. All the tortures of the Inquisition were nothing to my situation. I could no more sleep than on the edge of a precipice;—my excited imagination painted everything still more frightfully. Suddenly I heard a hissing. "There's a snake," thought I, "I shall certainly be stung." I now began to shout like a wounded Ajax. In the darkness I upset the table—several boxes that stood on it were thrown down and broken, and I heard with increased agony how a new biting world was let loose.

I raved like a possessed man;—it was all one to me whether any one in the house wished to sleep or not. At last the Counsellor was awakened. He came with a light in his dressing-gown to my chamber. He saw at once the cause of my outcries, and cried: "The thoughtless girl, she will turn the whole house into a cabinet of natural curiosities!" I seemed to myself like Adam on the sixth day of the creation, where he is painted among the beasts. Junghauel transferred me to another chamber, which the naturalist had spared.

"Here you have nothing to fear," said my host consolingly; "you will sleep all the better for the disagreeable things you have suffered."

"Heaven grant it!" said I, gathering up my clothes out of the murder-hole.

The Counsellor had spoken no untruth. After I had crawled about on my hands and feet, and flashed the light into all the corners of the chamber, I became pretty well convinced that

there were no natural curiosities there, either living or dead; and so I went to bed once again, but none the less resolved that this should be the last as well as the first night that I spent in W—. I determined, all my host's solicitations to the contrary, to be off at the earliest possible hour, before the charming but dangerous daughters of the Counsellor should have left their beds. After these wise resolves, I stretched myself out and made myself comfortable, while the tortoise in the bed originally intended for me probably did the same.

The night passed quietly by; a sound sleep fell upon me, so that I had no bad dreams, as I had feared. Hardly had the first light of morning looked into my window, when I sprang freshly from my bed, and set about to put my purposes into execution, dressing myself with all despatch. My purpose was irrevocable. I was delighted at having awaked so early.

"You will make great eyes," thought I, "ye tormenting spirits, when you find the bird has suddenly flown. Heaven keep me from such a wife! Oh, my Minna, when I think of your sweet simplicity, what a difference! Soon, beloved girl, shall I fold thee in my arms!"

"The cleverest thing," thought I, "would certainly be to adopt the French fashion, without a word to any one. I foresee the conflict I shall have with the Counsellor; he will not listen to a departure so much like a flight. I will write to him at the end of the first day's journey, and represent to him that with the best will in the world I could not consent any longer to be the target of his daughters' humours." I was resolved to write as politely as possible, that I might not wound his feelings. My uncle also would be satisfied when he should learn all I had suffered from the sisterly trefoil.

Amidst these cogitations I came at last to the end of my toilette, and was just on the point of starting off, when I was stopped by an unexpected obstacle.

While I was given up to the glad hope that the Counsellor's daughters, like all maidens loving sleep, were still deep in the feathers, my door suddenly flew open, and to my no small horror in came Nimrod with two glittering pistols.

"Good heaven!" sighed I to myself, "my torment is beginning anew; I must confess the lovely trefoil begins its day's work betimes. Oh, if I only once had this cursed place behind my back!"

Without any compliments, Nimrod coolly began:

"You have during the past night injured the property of my sister Ernestine in such a way, you have shown for several of Ernestine's favourites such a contempt, as borders upon

insult, and demands atonement. I have considered the affair;—we will exchange three shots."

"You have lost your senses!" I exclaimed.

"That you will soon discover," she coolly resumed, "whether I am in my senses or not. Consider the case. You have broken the shell of a sea-crab, a very rare specimen; you have thrown a valuable beetle against the wall with a violence that ruined the poor creature; you have further broken certain valuable boxes containing insects: do you not admit these charges?"

"I wish the d—l had the whole crew of spiders and reptiles!" cried I in great excitement, upon finding myself called to account for my doings.

"You will please to follow me," said Louise; "injuries of this sort can only be cancelled with blood."

"Quit these fooleries," I replied; "I fight not with ladies!"

"Fooleries!" asked Nimrod, stepping up to me with raised pistol, while her eye flashed, "Does your courage fail you?"

"For every contest there must be some reasonable ground."

"You are quibbling, sir; follow me!"

"But what if I declare that I will in no case fight with you? I could not answer it before God, were I to level a pistol at you."

"You need not aim at me—shoot into the air; I am the injured party—let yourself be shot at!"

"Your obedient servant."

"I ask for the last time, will you follow me?"

"In no case."

"Well then, I will publish you for the most pitiable coward the sun ever shone upon."

"You will do as you please."

"And I will put a mark upon you, which you shall carry as long as you live, to remind you of your cowardice."

"A mark?" I asked myself; "what does the horrible creature mean? She seems to me capable of anything." I was exceedingly uncomfortable. Louise approached me with her pistol cocked; her look was fearfully menacing. Horror seized me. I began to retreat. The perspiration burst forth. The fury followed me step for step with pistol presented. At last, excited to the uttermost, I exclaimed in despair, "Let me alone, you hateful creature; I was just on the point of leaving this inhospitable house."

"You are going to leave W——?" asked Louise in a strangely joyful tone, and letting the pistol sink.

"I never would have come here but for the urgent wish of my uncle."

"Utter no falsehood," said Louise, gravely. "It was not your uncle's wish alone that brought you here. You had other views."

"Indeed, I had not, lady."

"Did you not come," asked Louise, "to marry me, or one of my sisters?"

"Good Heaven!" replied I; "marry you! What an idea! It never entered my head. I am already engaged."

"What!" cried Louise with delight, throwing away the pistol, and almost falling on my neck. "You engaged! Why did you not tell us so before?"

I knew not what to think as the charming maiden embraced me so stormily, and looked at me so joyfully with her beautiful eyes.

"No one ever asked me about it, lady," I replied.

"And how many unpleasant things would you, poor man, have spared yourself," said Louise, much excited; "I should not have shot at you, Ernestine would not have worried you with her snake, nor Emilie taken your blood, and pulled your tooth out."

"It is much to be wished that the latter had not happened," I confessed.

"You would have found us all very amiable children."

"With all respect," I replied, "but, lady, I do not exactly understand——"

"I will solve the riddle for you," said Louise, every moment growing more and more charming; "we too, have already disposed of our hearts."

"All three?"

"All three! In spite of our unwomanly passions, I confess it, in matters of the heart, we are still girls."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"Delighted, are you? So are we, too. But father, good and indulgent as he is, is on the point of love, immovable."

"How so?"

"He thinks too much of what are called good settlements. Unfortunately, our gentlemen are not exactly good, in the worldly sense. One is a penniless lieutenant, another a poor candidate of theology, and the third, a poor artist! But all three are rich in heart and intellect, and real Croesuses in their love for us."

"And which of these three happy gentlemen," I asked, with a smile, "has secured the heart of the lovely Louise?"

"The theologian."

"The theologian!" I exclaimed with wonder.

"You consider me, then, as quite too wild for the pious man."

"Well! a preacher of peace, and a bold huntress——"

"Love equalizes everything," said Louise, with a winning frankness; "and do you think I cannot be gentle?"

"What is impossible for you?"

"O! I can be as soft as a little lamb," continued the beauty, "when it gives *him* pleasure. But let me go on with my story. Our father insists, by all the saints, that he will hear nothing of these tender relations. We, all three sisters, pray to the dear God fervently every day, that the temporal circumstances of our lovers may be improved, so that they may come forward and claim our hands. For their sakes, we have driven away many a wooer from W—. When any strange gentleman appears, we sisters instantly form an alliance; and if one plot does not succeed, we try a second and a third. Confess yourself, would you, had you been disengaged, would you have taken one of us for a wife, after we had shown ourselves to you as we did yesterday?"

"The Devil's grandmother sooner," I exclaimed frankly; "one's life would at least be safer with her."

"Very much obliged," said Louise, with a bow; "a proof of the success of our plans."

I had now to describe my lady-love to my new friend, and how I stood in the same plight with the daughters of the Counsellor,—as my uncle had no suspicion of my love for Wilhelmina.

While we were chatting thus confidentially, a blooming head was seen at the door, which seemed to be not a little surprised at our intimacy.

"Come in, Emilie!" cried Louise, laughing. "Peace is concluded; our supposed enemy is engaged; we have nothing to fear from him."

Dieffenbach entered, and likewise manifested a gentleness of which I could not have dreamed the barbarous dentist capable. And soon Oken made her appearance. They expressed the greatest sorrow for the tricks they had played me. They declared, at the same time, that if they had not discovered that I was engaged, they had made all their preparations to render the day more intolerable than the preceding. I thanked Heaven I had got to be on such good terms with them. We made a league of friendship. I could not desire more amiable friends. At the same time I had to promise to remain several days at W—.

To show myself worthy of their friendship, and in order to heap coals of fire on their heads, I undertook the office of intercessor with their father, and resolved not to leave W— until the Counsellor had given his consent to the betrothal of his three daughters to their respective lovers.

In this good work I eventually succeeded; and within a fortnight after I left W—, the three ladies were formally affianced to the

objects of their choice. In return for all this happiness, the Counsellor undertook to get my uncle to consent to my marriage with Wilhelmina, and was successful.

I have seldom heard my worthy uncle laugh so heartily, as when I related my adventures at W—. To bring our story to a close. Although I brought no bride from W—, and although I married the poor widow's daughter, my uncle, nevertheless, took me into partnership.

As to the loss of my grinder, the gentlemen who were the happy husbands of the three beauties, never failed to express their sympathy for me; but Dieffenbach, the operator, always insisted that I deserved to lose a tooth, for appearing to woo one of the sisters when my heart was no longer my own,—and my good Wilhelmina always agreed with her.

We have all been living now, for some years, in the most friendly relations, and in constant intercourse. The descendants of our four married couples amount now to five little gentlemen, and seven young ladies. Hence bloom new loves and new romances. It is the way of the world.

THE PASSIONS.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

How deplorable the history of numbers, whom, for their pre-eminent powers, the world have unitedly stamped with the title of "great"! They traverse the earth with the lordly tread of native supremacy;—all obstacles vanish before their burning energy, like snow-wreaths in the sun;—all men accept *their* ideas and impulses, as the planets drink in light and heat from the solar orb;—and governments, institutions, and circumstances, as though melted wax, take from *their* sole genius new shapes and aspects.

And yet how often have these men, who were able to control all else, whether men or things, been incapable of controlling their own passions, and become their slaves and their victims! Alexander consuming with the fever of a drunken debauch,—Cæsar falling, on the summit-level of his supremacy, by a score of dagger-strokes,—Cromwell, the iron Cromwell, starting every moment, like a timorous child in the dark, with apprehension of assassin attacks,—and Napoleon, on a lone rock in mid-ocean, devouring slowly his own great heart,—what an unspeakable tragedy is here! Yea, the shores of life are all littered with the wrecks of gifted natures stranded in the storms of the passions; multitudes having perished utterly, others having barely escaped total destruction, and even of those reaching land many being in a shattered and sorely damaged state.

THE SENTIMENT OF VARIOUS MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THE surest way to characterize the ruling tone of sentiment in a composer is, to note the state of mind in which his music leaves you. There is some music which is all glitter and effect, which you hear with astonishment, and go home weary and without capacity of emotion. You have been excited, but not inspired; not inwardly and deeply warmed. Such is the case with much of the latest fashionable school of music,—music made to order, to display the ambitious *executantes* of the voice, the violin, or the piano-forte,—music purposely subordinate to the singer or the play. Such is the too prevailing class of modern operas, after the brilliant, melo-dramatic, bravura-crammed patterns of Verdi, Donizetti, and other Italian followers of ROSSINI, the founder and the genius of the sensuous school. Such are most of the French operas. And such, almost without exception, are the showy variation pieces and fantasias of the Paganinis of the violin, and the Herzes, Dohlers, Leopold de Meyers, *et id genus omne*, of the piano-forte. Enterprise is four-fifths of all their genius, and short-lived astonishment is nearly five-fifths of their effect upon their hearers.

An opera of BELLINI, as of many of that school, bathes you in a delicious flood of tenderness. It is rose-light everywhere, and tepid spring. You are sad, and full of passive, sympathetic sensibility; softened, melted, but not roused, not strengthened. A surfeit comes, and you are glad to have a good cold north wind sweep away the mild, vague haziness that hangs about your senses, and breathe a bracing atmosphere, feel your spirit and your nerves invigorated, and see things by the clear, literal light of day, until the time for twilight reverie shall come again.

What could be more opposite to this, than the effect of HANDEL? Repose, such as your spirit gains in looking up into the illimitable sky! A fulness of awakened energy, serene as sleep; a balanced, integral activity, calm as the descent of Niagara, or as the movement of the planets; a healthful universal sympathy; a communion with the absolute; a sense of union with the whole, which can indulge all moods, and sing to every humour, but is the victim of no one. It is life flowing from the centre, and informing the whole being, and not some morbid irritation in any single fa-

culty. Handel is greatest in his choruses, which are like the collective voice of all mankind, and sweep us into the glorious current of the great humanitarian sentiment.

From MOZART you turn reluctantly, as from a gorgeous inspired festival, in whose enthusiastic pitch of liberty, and love, and joy, you feel that your faculties and your emotions, and all your appetite for every sort of harmonies, have all got out for once in this cold, cramping, barren world, and swim in a willing and congenial element, where all you touch is vital and responsive. Sense and soul have met and mingled. Spirit and matter have forgot their quarrel. The intensest sense of *living*; the full, perfected flower of sentiment; the exaltation of the soul to a certain divine consciousness; the overflowing and softening of all the harsh outlines of all things not in concord with warm, trustful feeling; a tremulous recognition of the near presence of the spiritual world to this our every-day life; a sort of disembodied pure existence (unless you call ecstasy itself a most voluptuous embodiment), floating free and permeating all things, as if matter had given up its impenetrability: this you feel, and as if the breath of one, whose love was your communion with the soul of all things, fell upon your cheek.

From HAYDN you go as from the sweet, quiet happiness of home, or from the mild restorative of woods and fields, with cheerful heart, clear head, and temperate desires, with the sunny domesticity of a good child, or a wise, kind parent, and the buoyant self-possession of a well-ordered life.

Childlike love of nature, and cheerful, genial domesticity, are his two dominant traits. The first is shown in that bird-like instinct wherewith he organized the orchestral forces into so fit a nest for his creative uneventful life (for he lived almost in his orchestra, as in his little world). It is shown, too, in his proneness to imitation of the sounds of nature, and in the prevailing character of his great works, the "Seasons," and the oratorio of the "Creation." The other trait displays itself in the cool temperament of all his happy inspirations; in the clearness, regularity, and order which were the style of his life as well as of his compositions; and in the fact that he was *most* felicitous, *most* himself, *most* beyond all

others, and a model to all others, in the form called technically "chamber music;" in the composition, that is, of quartettes, &c., for string instruments, in which the various members of the violin family hold fine discourse together, both argumentative, pathetic, grave, and frolicsome. This is eminently *domestic* music. The quartette is the best form in which art expresses and idealizes that moral music of our lives, which wells up from the fountains of the sacred sphere of home.

All of these great composers were great in all the forms of composition. But Handel was most Handel in the fugued chorus of the people; Mozart's life oozed out purest in the opera; Beethoven is the despair of all ambitious—rather say, of all great spiritual—aspirations, in his orchestral symphonies; Haydn best enforced the lesson of his life in his quartettes of chamber music.

And what shall be said of the music of BEETHOVEN? We carry away from it something that we should not have dreamed of in any effect which the others could produce upon us. This music leaves us with roused spirit, restless, urged by mighty aspirations which can no more slumber; a lasting influence, as of a Promethean spark dropped into the breast from heaven. The music of this day all owns its influence, though all conventional tastes resisted it. The sentiment and tone of thought and feeling of our age is deeply affected by it. Whoever has heard and taken into his soul this music is a deeper man henceforth, and feels more of the infinite significance of life. It wakes no passing mood, but takes possession of the hearer's soul; becomes a surging ocean under him, which now lifts him till he seems to touch the sky, and now sinks with him to night and loneliness, yet only to climb higher with the next full wave, still bearing the tide-mark farther up the beach. It is music pregnant with a mighty future, and like a providential utterance of the great heaving, struggling breast of this prophetic era of humanity.

Of the many striking characteristics of his music, perhaps the most remarkable is its wild, pleading *earnestness*; his impetuosity and fire,—the glorious frenzy of a giant or a god, strong enough safely to disdain anything like tameness.

Yet equally remarkable are the unfathomable, still depths of love and tenderness which are felt to underlie his stormy surface. He has a fertile imagination, too, in as romantic and exquisite a vein as that of Mendelssohn, or of the bard who gave him the "Midsummer Night's Dream" for a text. And his love of nature, as it inspires his "Pastoral Symphony," is full as true and as perceptive as that of Haydn, while it is vastly deeper.

With a many-sidedness like Shakespeare's, there is still one pervading sentiment in all the music of Beethoven. It has more of the prophetic character than any other. The progressive spirit of this age, the expansive social instinct of these new times, accepts it by a strange sympathy. Many a young music-loving American jumps the previous steps of training, through a taste for Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, &c., and with his whole soul loves at once Beethoven. It is because Beethoven is, to speak by correspondence, like the seventh note in the musical scale. His music is full of that deep, aspiring passion, which in its false exercise we call ambition, but which at bottom is most generous, most reverent, and yearns for perfect harmony and order. The demands of the human soul are insatiable—infinite. So long as *anything* is not ours, we are poor. So long as *any* sympathy is denied us, we are bereft and solitary. We are to have all and to realize all by a true state of harmony *with* all. Is not this the meaning of Beethoven's music? Its wild impatience, its struggling chromatic harmonies, its surging, billowy movement, all imply a glorious unity and peace beyond the now immediately attainable. So the seventh note cries out on the verge of the completed octave, draws every thought to that, and pleads for its repose and its perfection.

OUR MUSICAL SELECTION this time is very short, but very sweet and deep and tender. The words of the song are translated as faithfully as we could do it, and conform to the requirements of the music. The music is by ZELTER, the most intimate of the great poet Goethe's correspondents, who wrote him much, and enthusiastically, of the promise of his pupil, the young FELIX MENDELSSOHN. Zelter founded the celebrated *Sing-Akademie*, in Berlin, where he for many years trained large classes to the love and understanding and performance of the great vocal works of Bach, Handel, Mozart, and the other masters. His institution still survives, and is the fountain-head of great classical performances in Germany. He was a devout admirer of Goethe, and could not read and ponder one of his little poems, without instinctively marrying the words with music. His critical remarks on music, in the voluminous correspondence referred to, are of the wisest and most profoundly appreciating and discriminating ever written. They ought to be in English, as a sort of Blackstone's Commentaries, for our hosts of fledgling musical critics.

This little song, *Die Betende*, or the "Girl Praying," we have selected partly for its beauty, and partly for its brevity. It is merely a chance flower of good Zelter's genius. It is of a graver character than most Magazine music; but it is true to nature, and what all can feel. Lest the high note in the penultimate measure prove beyond the reach of some of our fair reader's voices, we may suggest the following variation:



J. S. D.

The Girl Praying.

MUSIC BY ZELTER.

WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON, BY J. S. DWIGHT.

Devotional, not too slow.



Lau-ra pray-eth! Angel harps are breath-ing Peace of God in-to her wounded heart;

And, like A-bel's altar smoke up-wreath-ing, Still her sighs for Heaven de-part.

SECOND VERSE.

How she kneels! Could Raphael's pencil render
Soul of innocence in form so fair?
Bathed in mild transfiguration splendour,
Such as saints in heaven do wear!

THIRD VERSE.

Oh! she feels the breath so sweet and balmy,
Feels the presence of the Comforter,
And in spirit sees those hills so palmy,
And the crown of light for her!

FOURTH VERSE.

Oh! what faith, her soul serenely staying!
Bosom swelled with purest angel love!
So to see this saintlike maiden praying
Is a glimpse of life above.



HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

BY N. CLEAVELAND.

Philadelphia, June 3d, 1850.

N. CLEAVELAND, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—Passing hurriedly through New York last week, I was yet enabled to get a rapid glance at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The beautiful statues there by Mr. Brown renewed my desire to procure a notice of his career and labours that would be worthy of his high position in the art. From a conversation I had with you some months since, I presume it is in your power to furnish me the materials I need, or a completed article, ready for insertion in the Union Magazine. I propose to accompany the notice with a wood-cut portrait of the artist, and also a cut of the bas-relief on Mrs. Cozzen's monument, for which latter I am already supplied with the materials. Can you aid me in the performance of a duty but too long neglected?

An answer will much oblige

Yours, truly,

JOHN SARTAIN.

MR. J. SARTAIN:

Dear Sir,—I am glad to receive and most happy to comply with your request. I have long wished to see some public notice of Mr. Brown more ample than has yet appeared, and your application but anticipated my design. For the facts contained in the accompanying sketch, I am indebted to sources which may be relied on as authentic. Should the article, through the wide diffusion which your magazine will give to it, help to make better known an artist not less deserving than he is modest, it will gratify one, at least, of his sincere admirers and numerous friends.

Respectfully, I am

Your friend and serv't,

N. CLEAVELAND.

Brooklyn, June 10th, 1850.

HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

The reader who would know exactly where this artist was born will need before him a map that condescends to particulars. With such aid, he may readily find, in the northern part of Franklin County, Massachusetts, the small township of Leyden. Unlike its illustrious namesake, so renowned in history, so long associated with science, so immortally interwoven with the annals of the Plymouth

Puritans, our little Leyden is quite unknown to fame. Should it hereafter attain to eminence, its earliest claim to distinction may perhaps rest upon the fact that it had once the good fortune to be the birthplace of genius.

His father belonged to the class of small farmers, so common in New England and so respectable. His advantages of education were a thorough training in good principles at home, a few winters at the district school, and two or three quarters at an academy. His summers brought him abundant occupation in the severe but invigorating labours of the farm. For those tastes, whether instinctive or acquired, and those promptings of ambition, which at length converted the farmer-boy into a painter and sculptor, he owed much, if not everything, to his mother. To her intelligence and refinement, which might have graced a more favoured lot, the son has ever traced those impulses which gave direction to his life.

He was about twelve years old when he made what may be called his first serious attempt in art. There was an aged neighbour whom he often visited, and to whom he used to read from one of the treatises of Swedenborg. The old man sometimes stopped him to explain the author or to give his own comments. As the boy gazed upon that fine face, made more striking by the loss of sight, and upon the noble head on which almost a hundred winters had shed their snows, he determined to try his hand at a likeness; and the result was a pencil-sketch on a fly-leaf of the book. This he took home. His mother furnished him with a piece of old linen, which served for canvass. From the head of an ox he obtained hair for his pencil, while a painter, then at work upon the house, supplied the remaining materials. With these rude means he produced what was regarded with admiring wonder, as a perfect representation of the old man. The effort was in the highest degree original, for the youth had never even seen a portrait.

Two years after this a circumstance occurred which seemed to indicate that fortune was about to smile upon his wishes. A Mr. Smith—a sign-painter from one of the adjoining towns—made his appearance in Leyden. At Henry's earnest solicitation, his father consented that he should be apprenticed to this man, and a bargain was struck. Smith was about to visit Albany, and it was settled that the lad should accompany him. For some reason the boy was sent forward to a neighbouring town, there to await the arrival of his master. But he waited in

X

vain. The sign-dauber, who was entrusted with money for Henry's expenses, never came. But young Brown had heard and thought too much of Albany and its works of art to be thus balked. He had set out, and go he must. True, he had no money, but he had a pair of scissors in his pocket, and with these he determined to work his way. Near the close of a weary day's walk, he stopped at a farm-house of decent aspect, and proposed, in return for a night's lodging, to cut the profiles of the family. The offer was declined. They would keep him for money, but they cared not for art. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, he pushed on. A second attempt was more successful. The hospitable farmer bade him "Stay, and welcome." After supper, the schoolmaster, who happened to be an inmate there, expatiated on the beauty and importance of the fine arts. The consequence was, that the entire family had their likenesses cut in paper, to their own unqualified satisfaction, and to the great delight of the young artist.

Journeying on in this way, he soon found himself beyond the Green Mountains, and within sight of the city which he had so long wished to behold. But here he hesitated. It was now the middle of December; winter had set in with deep snow, and with frost of great severity; his shoes were nearly gone, and his clothes were scanty and dilapidated. He felt no assurance that his scissors would avail him among the rich and polished Albanians. After looking long and earnestly at those columns, and spires, and crowded roofs, so inviting and so tantalizing, he yielded to the stern necessity, and turned his steps homeward. Albany is certainly very little like Rome, yet the incident now related will probably remind some of that miracle of German self-denial, the poor scholar, who, filled with visions of classical antiquities, footed it all the way from the Rhine to the Tiber, and finding, when within sight of the "Eternal City," that he had just enough money to carry him back again, contented himself with a long though distant gaze, and set out on his return.

After weeks of absence, and a long, painful journey through the snows of that mountain region, our young adventurer reached home, much to the joy of his wondering and anxious parents. Soon after this, he was placed in school at Deerfield, and for a time his imitative propensities found little occupation, except in occasional caricatures of his companions. At length a holiday occurs. It is the annual return, once so important in New England, of the General Muster. Conspicuous amid the booths and stands, the gingerbread and lemons, stood a large sign, which informed the public that they could there acquire the art of portrait-painting in three short lessons. How opportune! The boy at once enters his name as a pupil, and pays this eminent master a tuition-fee of ten dollars. A few days afterward he started for home, with a finished portrait under his arm, and with high expectations of praise and success. But alas! his domestic reception was scarcely more flattering than that of Moses Primrose when he returned from the fair. His brothers ridiculed his picture, and advised him to stick to something regular and profitable. From his mother only he received words of comfort as well as of good advice.

He continued to attend school, and occasionally to assist his father, until he was eighteen years old. But his early visions of art and fame still haunted him, and he now urged his father to let him go and seek or make his own fortune. To this the father very judiciously consented.

Thus left to himself, he determined to become an artist. But some money must be earned, even before he could begin. For this purpose he laboured nearly three years as a journeyman house and carriage painter. From the proceeds of this toil he sent his father a hundred dollars, as a compensation for the loss of his three years' service, and having provided himself with a decent outfit, went to Boston. This was in the autumn of 1834. Having heard much of Chester Harding, he called upon that gentleman and stated his object. Mr. Harding asked for references.

"He could give none," was the reply, "but he had sixty dollars in his pocket, one-half of which he would pay then, provided he could be allowed to defray the remaining expense when he should earn the means of doing so." On these terms he was at once received. He continued to study and practise under Mr. Harding until the following spring, when he visited some of the neighbouring towns as a portrait-painter. Having thus replenished his exhausted purse, he renewed his studies, which were prosecuted with the same distinguished artist, until February, 1836.

Soon after this we find him at Woodstock, Vermont, attending, in the medical school at that place, a course of anatomical lectures,—not remitting, however, his study and practice in painting. In the following autumn he attended another course of the same kind at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Having become acquainted with Dr. Willard Parker, now so favourably known in the medical world, he accompanied him to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he went through his third anatomical course.

In the mean time he kept on painting portraits, and tried his hand occasionally at composition and figures. The latter part of the year 1837 was passed by him in the state of Illinois, where he was employed as an engineer. In December he was again in Cincinnati, and had resumed his pencil. And now occurred a circumstance, casual and trivial, as it seemed at the time, but which soon changed the direction of his thoughts, and at length altered entirely the current of his life. He had been giving lessons in drawing to a young man by the name of Whetstone. As the latter was about leaving, he asked permission to attempt a medallion likeness of his teacher. Accordingly some clay was procured for the purpose. While his pupil was gone for his dinner, Brown amused himself by working at the clay, and Whetstone found, on his return, a bust well under way. The approbation which he and which others expressed of this first rapid and rude attempt led to farther efforts in the same line. He was successful in obtaining likenesses, and was encouraged to go on by brother artists. Nor was he at all disinclined to follow their advice. A new light seemed now to break in upon his mind, and to irradiate all his prospects. He had long regarded sculpture as the noblest, but least attainable, form of art. Its masters of antiquity had seemed to him almost as mythical as the demigods which their chisels shaped into immortal beauty. He began now to feel that the same path of exertion, of hope, and of honour, which so many had successfully trodden, was perhaps open for him also. But it must not be supposed that the alteration in his pursuits took place at once. Such changes are seldom, if ever, instantaneous. It was by slow degrees that the modelling-stick and chisel invaded and finally supplanted the easel.

To obtain the means for visiting Italy, he again engaged as a railroad engineer in the service of the state of Illinois. He was employed during a part of the time in one of the most malarious districts of that unhealthy region. Here he lost, by death, most of the men under his direction, and fell sick himself. On recovering from a long, delirious fever, he found himself, with funds exhausted and with a broken constitution, compelled, as it were, to set out anew. But after six invalid months passed among his native mountains, he is again in Boston, to see what can be done in the way of art. Harding, his early master and steady friend, received him warmly, and introduced him to others. He was soon commissioned to model a bust of Mr. William Appleton, and subsequently, at the request of this gentleman, he made a bust of the Rev. Dr. Potter. This circumstance had an important bearing on his career. At the desire of this distinguished clergyman, Mr. Brown went to Schenectady, to mould a likeness of President Nott. Through the persevering kindness of the same friend, he received numerous orders for work in Troy, and afterwards in Albany. Here, too, he began to attempt something beyond the narrow range of bust-making, and executed his first statues at the desire of his ever liberal friend, Mr. E. P. Prentice. Here he spent two busy years,

X

and so generous was the patronage he received, that he found himself able, at length, to visit Italy. The pleasing circumstances under which he departed from this place of his early dreams for the very land of Beauty and Art recall, in vivid contrast, that sad winter hour, when the ragged young profile-cutter stood wistfully gazing at the same city, and then turned his back upon it in despair.

Mr. Brown was married about two years before he left for Europe, and his wife accompanied him thither. Those who know the parties might well charge me with injustice, should I make no allusion to the happiness of this connexion. Unincumbered by family cares, Mrs. Brown has been the constant companion of her husband, alike in travel and at home, in recreation and in toil. In Art, too, she has been his fellow-student. To her delicacy of taste, her thorough knowledge of æsthetic principles, and her quick, true judgment, it is his pride to acknowledge many obligations.

It is unnecessary to pursue farther with minuteness our artist's personal history. We have seen his childish inspirations—his boyish adventures—his manly struggles, faith, and perseverance. All along we have beheld "the high endeavour," and we have now begun to witness "the glad success." It is these earlier portions of a professional career which best illustrate individuality of character, and most clearly test the genuineness and excellence of youthful impulses.

Mr. Brown's first year abroad was spent in Florence. The summer months of 1845 were passed in Naples and its neighbourhood, where, after a sickness which almost cost him his life, he sought and found repose and health. During the other three years of his absence, his home was in Rome. An intimate friend, who shared his thoughts and watched the progress of his studies and labours, thus describes his impressions at that period. "Here he began to feel, more than ever before, the true dignity and importance of Art. The works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and especially the wonders of Grecian art, now spread out before him, inspired him anew. In each little fragment of these he saw, not the result of one man's performance, but the fruits of a national taste,—the product of a school formed, developed, and refined under the most favourable influences. Everything bespoke knowledge and power. Here was a standard of unerring accuracy. He was now convinced that the great principles of art depend not upon individual whim or caprice, but that they admit of demonstration, and may be brought to the test of a sound philosophy. It did not seem to him, as it has seemed to some, that Art, in its best days, was only the handmaid of Passion, and much less could he regard this as its proper vocation now. In the beautiful relics of Grecian and Etruscan genius, consecrated as they originally were, in most instances, to lofty sentiment or to actual utility, he perceived the true end and the real dignity of Art. He now zealously devoted himself to the acquisition of its principles and language. The mere love of distinction seemed to fade and disappear by the side of a stronger love for Art itself. To perfect his knowledge of drawing and anatomy, he secured the best aids in Rome, and, when not engaged in these or in modelling, he was occupied in studying and sketching from life and from the antiques. His solicitude seemed to be, not so much to acquire a sudden reputation, as to lay the solid foundation on which a durable fame might one day rest."

Rome has been called, not extravagantly, the Paradise of artists. In that soft clime—in a city where the foreigner enjoys all the immunities and feels scarcely one of the burdens of society, and where the luxuries of life cost less than its necessities elsewhere—our artist might well have been content to dwell. To such inducements American sculptors have generally yielded, while some have even contended that the art cannot successfully be prosecuted out of Italy. Mr. Brown took a different view. It was his ambition to become, not a European, but an American sculptor. To him it seemed that, if a school of art, with characteristics in any degree national, is ever to grow up among us, its work must be done mainly upon American

ground, and amidst American influences. He felt that the artist's independence and originality might be endangered by too long a familiarity with the faultless models of antiquity, and the chef-d'œuvres of modern power. He could not but see that if the art to which he had devoted his life is ever to exert over his countrymen a powerful and wholesome influence, it must be accomplished by the presentation of other subjects than the unclad beauties or the fabulous forms of ancient Greece. He stayed not until long absence, and intervening oceans, and foreign influences, had cooled his love of country, or quelled his pride as an American patriot. With generous self-denial, and in opposition to the advice and solicitation of many friends, he determined to forego the comforts and facilities of Rome, and, to some extent, his prospects of immediate honour and reward, in order to plant himself on his native soil, and trust his country for an appreciation of his labours. May that country do justice to his motives and his merits!

A few words now in regard to his artistic labours. Previously to Mr. Brown's departure for Europe, his attention as a statuary had been given almost wholly to busts. The large number of his commissions, and, still more, the high standing and unquestionable taste of many whose likenesses were thus taken by him in stone, bear witness to his successful ability in this department. His statues of this period were the Four Seasons, and the Quoit-player. The last-named is now among the sculptures in the rooms of the Academy of Design. While in Florence he modelled a statue of Adonis, now in his studio in Brooklyn. At Rome he executed a semi-colossal statue of David, holding the head of the giant,—an engraving of which was made by Bertini; also a small statue of Rebecca,—the Pleiades, in bas-relief,—the Seasons, in the same style,—and the statue of Ruth. The Seasons, a set of medallion pictures, were made for Mr. H. G. Marquand, of Brooklyn, and, with the Ruth, may be seen at the exhibition already referred to. While in Rome, Mr. Brown made three copies of the last-named statue, one of which was for Miss Hicks of New York, and another for Mr. Ewing of Glasgow. Among the works which he has executed since his return, are a statue of Hope, one of the Historic Muse (monumental), and a recumbent image, also monumental, which has lately gone to Philadelphia. A tablet from his chisel, with two figures in bas-relief, adorns a monument erected in Greenwood Cemetery, by A. B. Cozzens, Esq. Among the busts which have come from his studio, we have seen the heads of Cole, Bryant, Huntington, Cheney, Durand, Prentice, Willard Parker, Luman Reed, and others. The face and form of the North American Indian seems to have won a special place in his regard. To study these, he visited, two years ago, the resorts of the red man in the distant Northwest, and has since carefully explored the invaluable treasures of the Indian Department at Washington. His bronze statuette of an aboriginal hunter was executed last year for the American Art-Union, and twenty copies were distributed to the fortunate drawers. For some time past he has been engaged upon a larger work of the same description. An Indian is defending himself and his child against the ferocity of the mountain-cat. The proportions are colossal, the form and attitude are full of life and force, and the finished work will, if I mistake not, add largely to the reputation of the artist. A group of several figures, in both high and low relief, to be executed in bronze, is nearly completed for the Messrs. Appleton of New York, and will adorn the front of their new bookstore in Broadway. Mr. Brown has also made a model statuette of De Witt Clinton, which has received warm approval from some of the best artists and judges of art among us. It has been adopted as the basis of a colossal statue in bronze, which it is proposed to erect over the remains of that great man. The amount needed for the object is almost secured.

The limits prescribed to this article do not allow me to allude even to the specific character and excellences of these works, or of any one of them;—nor can I add more than a word upon the general merits of Brown as an

artist. The reader, who has remarked with what invincible resolution, perseverance, and pains-taking, he has qualified himself for this high walk of Art, will readily believe—what his intimate friends well know—that his knowledge of his profession is extensive and thorough. To his taste, his accuracy, his conceptive powers, his executive skill, artists of great name in sculpture and painting, and connoisseurs whose approval is praise indeed, have given their willing testimony. His principles of Art are, it is true, severe. His estimate of its scope, its just aims, and legitimate objects, is pure and elevated. Conscious of the limitations imposed upon the sculptor by the material in which he works, he makes no attempt at romantic effect, or at an impracticable picturesque. He has done nothing, and will, I feel sure, do nothing, to flatter a meretricious taste. The dignity and the proprieties of Sculpture, as they have impressed themselves upon his soul, while studying its noblest and purest forms, will never by him be sacrificed to immediate and lower interests, however pressing. To Art he has devoted his life, with the fervour and fidelity of a true love. To his own country he consecrates whatever of inspiration or of power he has received from nature, or won by toil.

As an appropriate close to this imperfect sketch, I add the following note, just received from one whose high standing requires no attestation here.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"You ask me what I think of our friend, H. K. Brown, as a sculptor. I hardly dare to trust myself to answer that question fully. If I should express half the admiration I feel for what he has accomplished, my enthusiasm would be charged to the account of the warm personal friendship which exists between us. Neither do I feel willing to enter into a critical examination of those merits of which one must be a very incompetent judge whose studies in Art have been in so different a direction from those of the sculptor. The principal works of Brown have been of a simple, classical, almost severe, character. Though a great lover of painting and all its graces and luxuries, yet in sculpture he avoids whatever would detract from the dignity and nobleness of the Art. His studies have been mainly among the purest and best remains of the antique, assiduously compared with living nature. In anatomy his researches have been deep and constant. As a draughtsman, he possesses remarkable skill, and any painter might envy the readiness with which he traces in decided outlines the frequent inventions of his brain. I might mention his power with the brush,—for though few know it, he is really a painter of rare excellence, with a keen relish for colour, tone, and effect. It is remarkable that, with all his love for the brilliant and fascinating qualities of the picturesque, he so seldom indulges in anything approaching it in sculpture, and that he never degrades or debauches that noble art by any of those mere tricks and puerilities, or museum-like wonders and curiosities of execution, by which sculptors sometimes are tempted to catch at popular applause. He has the highest reputation with those whose tastes have been most thoroughly cultivated by long contemplation of the best models. The severest Roman critics, though very chary of their praise, expressed very favourable opinions of his powers. His works were admired by

many of the most distinguished artists residing in Rome, both native and foreign. Between the lamented Wyatt, the noted English sculptor, and our artist, there existed a warm friendship and high esteem for each other's talents.

"The work upon which Brown is now engaged will, I think, greatly advance his reputation. I mean the bronze bas-relief commissioned by the Appletons, and representing a sage instructing a group of listeners. I am glad this work is to be placed in a prominent position, in the open



air, and in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city. The Messrs. Appleton are to be congratulated for the taste and liberality which places before the public so noble a specimen of art.

"I am, truly, yours, &c.,

"D. HUNTINGTON."

THE PHILADELPHIA ART-UNION. We have received encouraging accounts from Boston, of the progress Mr. Andrews is making with the plate now in process of engraving by him for the Art-Union of Philadelphia, impressions from which are to be distributed among the members of that institution for the current year. The subject of the picture is "Christiana and Mercy in the Valley of the Shadow of Death," and is a companion to the "Mercy's Dream," engraved last year for the Art-Union. The painting is by Huntington, and is one of the finest works of that eminent artist. It formed part of the collection of the late Edward L. Carey, Esq., of Philadelphia, for whom it was painted.

Judging by the results, it would appear that the mode adopted by the Philadelphia Art-Union for the distribution of prizes is less popular than the more common method pursued by similar associations. It is extraordinary that it should be so, considering the obvious superiority of the former.

J. S.

EDITORIAL.

SECOND INSTALMENT.

AGAIN we give four superb embellishments—diamonds of the first water. 1. A COLOURED PRINT, by D. McLellan, of a truly tasteful and brilliant character, designed for a Valentine. 2. A MEZZOTINT by Mr. Sartain, representing the last interview between the present Louis Napoleon and his uncle, the Emperor, an engraving at once brilliant as a work of art, and interesting as an historical reminiscence. 3. A LINE ENGRAVING by Steel, giving the portraits of William and Mary Howitt, from an original drawing made for this purpose. 4. THE WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF, a picture which will appeal at once to the hearts of all not already rendered callous by domestic infidelity. Besides these four leading embellishments, we give the monthly continuation of "Man and the Year," and seven more of our splendid series of illustrations of the "Life of Christ," also "The Bonnie Bairns," another "Pictorial Enigma," and many others, "too numerous to mention."

As to literary matter, we give the first of Miss Bremer's Love Stories; also her "Salutation to America," which will be read with peculiar interest; a blast against "Tobacco," by John Neal, which will raise some commotion among the meerschaums; a biography of William and Mary Howitt by Silverpen; articles of rare excellence by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, Dr. Reynell Coates, Dr. Todd, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Sigourney; poems from Bayard Taylor, Hannah F. Gould, Edith May, Miss Sproat, Mr. Ellsworth, Mr. Bissell, Miss L. Virginia Smith, &c., &c. But the gem of the month is a German story called "THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES," the finest magazine story, by all odds, that has been published for many years.

JENNY LIND ONCE MORE.

It is all idle to speak of the popular *furor* which this great singer creates, as the result of Mr. Barnum's skill in playing upon public credulity. This is to make Mr. Barnum a greater marvel than he himself claims Miss Lind to be. Nothing could produce the popular effects which we have witnessed but the irresistible and unmistakable enchantment of genius. We do not profess to be critical in musical affairs. But music, like every other of the fine arts, is subject to certain dictates of common sense. It appeals for its highest effects directly to the soul of man, and no man can listen to the singing of Jenny Lind without having his soul roused from its lowest depths, or without being filled with a bewildering delight, akin to intoxication. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This is as true of music as it is of poetry, or eloquence. The fame of Jenny Lind draws to her concerts people of very different characters and conditions,—not only musical amateurs, and people of fashion, but many who ordinarily "care for none of these things." Her audiences are in this respect unlike any we have ever seen. Yet her genius fuses these heterogeneous materials into a common mass, all apparently of one mind. The unlettered auditor may not know, as well as his critical neighbour on the next bench, what faults the great singer has *not* committed, but he is conscious of a pleasurable emotion of a kind never before experienced, at least to the same degree, and the critic beside him for the time forgets his criticism in his experience of the same wonderful power.

In her second visit to Philadelphia, she gave four con-

certs, all crowded, and at the very high rates for seats established at her first appearance. There was to the last no abatement of the popular admiration, amounting almost to mania. We have yet to see the first person who has heard her, no matter how many times, that is not desirous of hearing her again.

ITALIAN OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Walker, whose store in Chestnut Street is well known to all the lovers of music and musical instruments, has made a bold and, so far, successful attempt to sustain the Opera in Philadelphia, for a brief but very brilliant season. His arrangements for this purpose have been on a liberal scale, and have commanded the entire satisfaction of the musical world. Among the brilliant stars that Mr. Walker has brought to Philadelphia is the new Italian favourite, *Purodi*, who is spoken of by competent critics in the very highest terms. She is a pupil of the celebrated *Pasta*, and, in the opinion of many, quite equal to Jenny Lind. Some indeed pronounce her superior. All yield her the palm of being a singer of very extraordinary powers.

A critical friend, who was present at the "Lucia di Lammermoor," speaks of all the company in terms of unqualified commendation. The rôle of "Lucia" was filled by Signora Bertucca, whose full, melodious voice, combined with her just idea of the character, called forth repeated bursts of applause. Her expression of madness in the last act was really grand. The male characters were filled by Signors Forti, Avignone, Rosi, and Patti. "Edgardo," as rendered by Signor Forti, was very fine. His dying song, "Beauteous Idol of my Soul," produced a powerful effect upon the audience. The remaining characters were well sustained. The chorus and the orchestra were both full and efficient.

Mr. Kimball, the author of the *St. Leger Papers*, has commenced a new series in the *Knickerbocker*. They promise to be equally brilliant with his former work.

Popular Amusements.—Among the most unfailing of these we mention with much pleasure the performances of Signor Blitz, whose feats of legerdemain are equally wonderful and amusing.

THE ENIGMAS.—The solution of the Enigma in the January Number is "*Wind-lass*." Will some one give us a poetical solution of that in the present number?

NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—We introduce this month two new names to our readers, both of which, we predict, will become favourites. We mean Mr. Bissell, and Miss L. Virginia Smith.

New Life of Jenny Lind.—R. E. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has in press a *Life of Jenny Lind*, by Mr. Willis, with an engraved portrait.

BOOK NOTICES.

PUTNAM'S GIFT BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Mr. Putnam, the spirited publisher of New York, whose editions of standard works are acquiring such just celebrity, has conceived the happy idea of presenting some of the most popular of these works in a form suited for gift books. The copies intended for this purpose are printed on fine paper, with ample margins, handsomely bound, and embellished with numerous engravings, giving them all the elegance of the most costly Annuals. Among the works which have appeared in this gala dress, we notice the following:—*RURAL HOURS*, by Miss Cooper (daughter of the Novelist), a work of high literary merit, occupied chiefly with American out-door life in the country, and adorned

with twenty-one exquisitely coloured engravings, mostly of birds, such as the golden oriole, the red-throated humming-bird, the blue-bird, bobolink, &c., &c. The birds selected are among those most celebrated for the brilliancy and beauty of their plumage, which these engravings give to the life. *THE PICTURESQUE SOUVENIR* is an illustrated edition of *Bryant's Letters of a Traveller*, containing thirteen steel engravings. The scenes represented in these, are a Venetian Gondola, an Avenue of Palms in a Coffee Plantation in Cuba, Washington from the President's House, Edinburgh from Craigmillar Castle, the Custom House in Dublin, the Boulevards in Paris, &c. *BERANGER'S LYRICS*. By *William Young*. The readers of *Sartain*, after the admirable essay on Beranger which appeared in this magazine a few months since, from the pen of Mr. Dowe, will need no persuasions of ours to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the greatest of French Lyrists. In the present work, Mr. Young has given versions of two hundred of the most translatable of Beranger's songs, selecting such as were free from objection on the score of delicacy—a work of some difficulty—and accompanied them with a very well-written sketch of the author's life. The volume is a truly valuable contribution to our literature. It is embellished in a style of extraordinary magnificence. There are no less than twenty-two fine line engravings, executed in Paris, and unsurpassed in the suggestiveness and beauty of their designs.

THE MESSENGER BIRDS. By *Mrs. Caroline H. Butler*. Boston; *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*—Mrs. Butler is one of our very best female prose writers. She is quite equal to Mrs. S. C. Hall of England. We are surprised that she has not tried her hand at a full-grown novel, and feel assured that if she ever does so, she will be successful. But all this is aside from the "Messenger Birds," which is the title of a very pretty Christmas book for children, written entirely by herself, in a very lively and amusing style. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and ornamented with engravings.

APPLETON'S JUVENILE BOOKS.—*George S. Appleton*, Philadelphia, has issued, as usual at this season of the year, quite a number of neat and entertaining books for children, which we shall briefly describe. 1. *Little Annie's A, B, C, Book* contains the alphabet in characters very large and plain, with simple words opposite, suited to interest the infantile learner.—2. *Little Annie's Speller* contains brief spelling and reading lessons, with numerous wood-cuts.—3. *Mother Goose's Melodies*, a "pictorial" edition of that most famous modern Anthology, edited by "Dame Goslin."—4. *Little Annie's Ladder to Learning*, all three of the works just named bound in one volume, for the convenience of those who prefer them in that form.—5. *Rhymes for the Nursery*. By *Jane Taylor*. Full of songs and pictures for those children who are tired—are there any such?—of "Mother Goose."—6. *City Characters*. Twenty-four designs, cut in wood, with descriptions of familiar characters in the city, such as the "Cabman," "Street Minstrels," &c., &c.—7. *The Rose-Bud*. A juvenile Keepsake, containing seventeen articles in prose and verse, and four steel engravings. All these books are in that neat little quarto shape which has become classical for juvenile literature. For sale by *George S. Appleton*, Philadelphia, and by *D. Appleton & Co.*, New York.

A PASTOR'S SKETCHES. By *Ichabod S. Spencer, D.D.* New York: *M. W. Dodd*.—These sketches are not unlike, in their plan, to the "Diary of a Physician," the subject being, however, exclusively religious experience. We will add, they are not much inferior in power to that celebrated work. They are decidedly the best writings of the kind that we have ever met with. The "Young Irishman," the first story in the book, is not only a very instructive tale, but one which will be read with breathless interest.

GRAHAME, OR YOUTH AND MANHOOD. New York: *Baker & Scribner*.—We have read enough of this volume to make us hope it will not find its way into general circulation. There are no revolting indecencies in it, but it is

none the less, perhaps all the more, a bad book. Its influence upon young minds must be to weaken the bonds of social morality. Its heroes and heroines are depicted as influenced by feelings pure as those of Eden, while committing what the laws equally of God and man consider and punish as high crimes. Surely, the importations of this kind of trash from abroad are enough, without our encouraging a corrupting domestic literature.

HANS ANDERSEN'S WONDERFUL TALES. *C. S. Francis & Co.*—The Scandinavians in these latter days seem destined to carry off the palm against all the world. They can boast the most distinguished singer, the first of living female novelists, the greatest of recent dramatists, and the only successful writer of fairy tales. Just as fairy-land seemed vanishing before the clear sunlight of utilitarianism, Hans Andersen, with the magic of his peculiar genius, drew once more the mystic spell over the scene, and peopled the earth anew with these elfin tribes. As a story-teller for children, he stands at this time unrivalled. Many a young eye throughout England and America will beam with pleasure, at the announcement of another volume of his *Tales*, translated into the mother tongue.

MRS. GILMAN'S GIFT-BOOK. *C. S. Francis & Co.*—Mrs. Gilman is well known as a successful caterer for the innocent amusements of the young. The very neat volume whose title we have given, is full of short simple stories and poems, suited to entertain small children. It is admirably suited to Christmas purposes, for which it is evidently designed.

TREASURED THOUGHTS. By *Caroline May*. *Lindsay & Blakiston*.—Our esteemed and accomplished contributor, Caroline May, has given the public another fruit of her diligence and taste, in a neat duodecimo, containing treasured thoughts from favourite authors, gradually selected in the course of her reading, and now arranged in a manner convenient for reference or quotation.

WATER DROPS. By *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*. *Carter & Brothers*. 275 pp. 12mo.—Mrs. Sigourney has by this volume added to her many other claims upon the affection and respect of the Christian community. The book is an argument for "temperance in all things," and is most happily free from the intemperance which has marked some of the publications on this subject. Her aim is to win, not to drive, men into the ways of sobriety and order. The volume is an agreeable miscellany of tales, poems, and essays, all having for their object to exert her influence, not only as an author, but as a woman, in behalf of the temperance cause.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR. By *Rufus W. Griswold*. *Lindsay & Blakiston*.—No topic is so full of suggestions to a fertile imagination, and none has so frequently occupied the genius of authors and artists, as the Life of the Saviour. The publishers of the present volume have prepared it in the belief that a collection of some of the most remarkable poems and pictures to which this subject has given birth would be an appropriate souvenir for the holidays. The illustrations are twelve in number.

PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS. By *Mrs. H. V. Cheney*. Boston; *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*—As its title imports, this novel aims to give us a picture of domestic life in the New England colonies two centuries ago. The subject is one of unfailing interest to Americans.

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. By *M. A. Dwight*. *Putnam*.—Mythology is to most persons a pleasing, and there is no reason why it may not be a profitable study. It is to some extent essential to every one that would comprehend the literature either of his own tongue or that of other nations. So much of the beauty of our chief authors, so many of our most celebrated works of art, derive their significance from fable, that some knowledge of the latter is absolutely necessary to any proper study of the beautiful, whether in literature or art. The manual of Mythology now offered, is an admirable digest of the whole subject, suited either for schools or families. It is very copiously illustrated.

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with twenty-one exquisitely coloured engravings, mostly of birds, such as the golden oriole, the red-throated humming-bird, the blue-bird, bobolink, &c., &c. The birds selected are among those most celebrated for the brilliancy and beauty of their plumage, which these engravings give to the life. THE PICTURESQUE SOUVENIR is an illustrated edition of *Bryant's Letters of a Traveller*, containing thirteen steel engravings. The scenes represented in these, are a Venetian Gondola, an Avenue of Palms in a Coffee Plantation in Cuba, Washington from the President's House, Edinburgh from Craigmillar Castle, the Custom House in Dublin, the Boulevards in Paris, &c. BERANGER'S LYRICS. By *William Young*. The readers of *Sartain*, after the admirable essay on Beranger which appeared in this magazine a few months since, from the pen of Mr. Dowe, will need no persuasions of ours to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the greatest of French Lyrists. In the present work, Mr. Young has given versions of two hundred of the most translatable of Beranger's songs, selecting such as were free from objection on the score of delicacy—a work of some difficulty—and accompanied them with a very well-written sketch of the author's life. The volume is a truly valuable contribution to our literature. It is embellished in a style of extraordinary magnificence. There are no less than twenty-two fine line engravings, executed in Paris, and unsurpassed in the suggestiveness and beauty of their designs.

THE MESSENGER BIRDS. By *Mrs. Caroline H. Butler*. Boston; Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Mrs. Butler is one of our very best female prose writers. She is quite equal to Mrs. S. C. Hall of England. We are surprised that she has not tried her hand at a full-grown novel, and feel assured that if she ever does so, she will be successful. But all this is aside from the "Messenger Birds," which is the title of a very pretty Christmas book for children, written entirely by herself, in a very lively and amusing style. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and ornamented with engravings.

APPLETON'S JUVENILE BOOKS.—*George S. Appleton*, Philadelphia, has issued, as usual at this season of the year, quite a number of neat and entertaining books for children, which we shall briefly describe. 1. *Little Annie's A, B, C, Book* contains the alphabet in characters very large and plain, with simple words opposite, suited to interest the infantile learner.—2. *Little Annie's Speller* contains brief spelling and reading lessons, with numerous wood-cuts.—3. *Mother Goose's Melodies*, a "pictorial" edition of that most famous modern Anthology, edited by "Dame Goslin."—4. *Little Annie's Ladder to Learning*, all three of the works just named bound in one volume, for the convenience of those who prefer them in that form.—5. *Rhymes for the Nursery*. By *Jane Taylor*. Full of songs and pictures for those children who are tired—are there any such?—of "Mother Goose."—6. *City Characters*. Twenty-four designs, cut in wood, with descriptions of familiar characters in the city, such as the "Cabman," "Street Minstrels," &c., &c.—7. *The Rose-Bud*. A juvenile Keepsake, containing seventeen articles in prose and verse, and four steel engravings. All these books are in that neat little quarto shape which has become classical for juvenile literature. For sale by *George S. Appleton*, Philadelphia, and by *D. Appleton & Co.*, New York.

A PASTOR'S SKETCHES. By *Ichabod S. Spencer*, D.D. New York: *M. W. Dodd*.—These sketches are not unlike, in their plan, to the "Diary of a Physician," the subject being, however, exclusively religious experience. We will add, they are not much inferior in power to that celebrated work. They are decidedly the best writings of the kind that we have ever met with. The "Young Irishman," the first story in the book, is not only a very instructive tale, but one which will be read with breathless interest.

GRAHAME, OR YOUTH AND MANHOOD. New York: *Baker & Scribner*.—We have read enough of this volume to make us hope it will not find its way into general circulation. There are no revolting indecencies in it, but it is

none the less, perhaps all the more, a bad book. Its influence upon young minds must be to weaken the bonds of social morality. Its heroes and heroines are depicted as influenced by feelings pure as those of Eden, while committing what the laws equally of God and man consider and punish as high crimes. Surely, the importations of this kind of trash from abroad are enough, without our encouraging a corrupting domestic literature.

HANS ANDERSEN'S WONDERFUL TALES. *C. S. Francis & Co.*—The Scandinavians in these latter days seem destined to carry off the palm against all the world. They can boast the most distinguished singer, the first of living female novelists, the greatest of recent dramatists, and the only successful writer of fairy tales. Just as fairy-land seemed vanishing before the clear sunlight of utilitarianism, Hans Andersen, with the magic of his peculiar genius, drew once more the mystic spell over the scene, and peopled the earth anew with these elfin tribes. As a story-teller for children, he stands at this time unrivalled. Many a young eye throughout England and America will beam with pleasure, at the announcement of another volume of his Tales, translated into the mother tongue.

MRS. GILMAN'S GIFT-BOOK. *C. S. Francis & Co.*—Mrs. Gilman is well known as a successful caterer for the innocent amusements of the young. The very neat volume whose title we have given, is full of short simple stories and poems, suited to entertain small children. It is admirably suited to Christmas purposes, for which it is evidently designed.

TREASURED THOUGHTS. By *Caroline May*. *Lindsay & Blakiston*.—Our esteemed and accomplished contributor, Caroline May, has given the public another fruit of her diligence and taste, in a neat duodecimo, containing treasured thoughts from favourite authors, gradually selected in the course of her reading, and now arranged in a manner convenient for reference or quotation.

WATER DROPS. By *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*. *Carter & Brothers*. 275 pp. 12mo.—Mrs. Sigourney has by this volume added to her many other claims upon the affection and respect of the Christian community. The book is an argument for "temperance in all things," and is most happily free from the intemperance which has marked some of the publications on this subject. Her aim is to win, not to drive, men into the ways of sobriety and order. The volume is an agreeable miscellany of tales, poems, and essays, all having for their object to exert her influence, not only as an author, but as a woman, in behalf of the temperance cause.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR. By *Rufus W. Griswold*. *Lindsay & Blakiston*.—No topic is so full of suggestions to a fertile imagination, and none has so frequently occupied the genius of authors and artists, as the Life of the Saviour. The publishers of the present volume have prepared it in the belief that a collection of some of the most remarkable poems and pictures to which this subject has given birth would be an appropriate souvenir for the holidays. The illustrations are twelve in number.

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GOLDSMITH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.—Mr. Putnam, of New York, whose publications seem destined to rival those of the Harpers, has issued a handsome and very convenient reprint of Prior's edition of the Miscellaneous Works of Goldsmith, in four volumes, small octavo, corresponding to his library editions of Irving and Cooper. Those who possess Goldsmith's larger works, will find this a most favourable opportunity to become possessed of his smaller contributions to letters, many of which lay unreclaimed in the great ocean of literature, until collected by the present indefatigable editor.

CLARENCE, or A Tale of our Own Times. By Miss Sedgwick. Putnam.—The time was, when every one who read novels at all, was expected to read those of Miss Sedgwick; and the author of "Hope Leslie" was accepted as the Jane Porter or the Mrs. Opie of America. If there has been a change in this respect, it has been not through a want of intrinsic merit in her works, or a falling off in her later productions, but from the intense competition which these latter days have witnessed in the production of works of fiction. As Miss Sedgwick's novels are all purely American in their character, and are of a healthy tone, we are glad to see them reproduced in the present form, so well adapted to be at once popular and permanent.

STOCKHARDT'S CHEMISTRY. Translated from the German by C. H. Pierce, M. D. Cambridge; John Bartlett.—This work has been translated and introduced to the American public, under the auspices of Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, who, in a recommendatory preface, speaks of it as entirely suited to be a text-book for schools, and as well adapted also to the wants of teachers who desire to give occasional experimental lectures at a moderate expense. It is a large duodecimo, of six hundred and fifty-six pages, and contains numerous illustrative drawings.

REFORMS AND REFORMERS. By Henry B. Stanton. Baker & Scribner.—Mr. Stanton, himself well known as a very active American Reformer, has here given us a series of lively sketches of all the leading reforms and reformers of Great Britain and Ireland, for the last half century. The work is written with a degree of earnestness, and a downright heartiness, both of censure and approbation, that are sure to carry the reader along, even though they may not always carry his judgment with them. The author states his object to be, to make his own countrymen better acquainted with that small, but influential part of the people of Great Britain, who take substantially the same views of public affairs that we Americans do. Between this noble band and Americans, there ought to be a better understanding, and a more cordial sympathy. Such is Mr. Stanton's opinion, and such will be the opinion of every one that reads his book in a candid spirit.

POPULAR EDUCATION. By Ira Mayhew. Harpers.—The author of this valuable manual is well known to all those engaged in popular education, by his laborious and successful exertions in this cause in the State of Michigan, where he was for some time Superintendent of Public Instruction. It was while thus engaged that he prepared the lectures which are here published. They were delivered in various parts of that state, were repeated in the capital before the Legislature during its sessions, and by unanimous resolution of that body were prepared for publication in their present form. Their object is to set forth the advantages of universal education, and the best means of accomplishing this great object. The volume has an engraving of the New York Free Academy, designs for school-houses, school-furniture, &c.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co.'s REPUBLICATIONS.—These gentlemen, who have for many years supplied American readers

with the great foreign Reviews at so cheap a rate, continue their beneficent efforts. The works republished by them are the four Reviews, viz., London, Edinburgh, Westminster, and North British, and Blackwood's Magazine. Each of these works makes its appearance from their press in about a week from the arrival of the sheets by steamer, and is always for sale by Zieher & Co. of Philadelphia. The religious and political connexions of these periodicals are probably well known to all our readers. Blackwood belongs to the highest of the high Tory party, and during the last year has fairly out-Heroded Herod in its Toryism. The London Quarterly has the disease in a milder form. The North British is the organ of the Scotch Free Church party, and in politics takes pretty nearly the same ground as its rival, the Edinburgh. The Westminster is the organ of the radicals, and in its politics more like an American than an English Review. All these works are conducted with consummate ability. A perusal of them is absolutely necessary to any one who would understand English affairs.

PHILLIPS & SAMPSON'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE is nearly completed. No edition of Shakespeare now in the American market is at all comparable to this, for the purpose of the ordinary reader. It is printed with large type, such as one sees in the octavo Annuals. The paper is thick and white, and has a most generous margin. Each play is ornamented with a fine line engraving, representing the leading female character of the play. It is a perfect luxury to read Shakespeare in such a dress.

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.—Whether we regard either the text or the pictures, this is incomparably the best illustrated work on American Revolutionary History yet attempted. The artist, while travelling over the battle-fields of the country for the purpose of sketching the scenes, has picked up an immense amount of most interesting and authentic tradition, much of which has never before found its way into print.

THE MENTOR, a Magazine for Youth.—We have looked over the first six numbers of this work, which the publishers have sent us, and recommend it most heartily to heads of families. It is handsomely embellished, and full of matter suited to the comprehension of youthful minds.

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Under the able editorial management of Mr. Simms, this work has once more assumed the rank and station which it deserves among the periodical literature of the land. It is a work of sterling value. To our southern friends particularly, we would say, you act a most suicidal course, if you allow such a periodical to languish.

SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—The last number of the *Westminster Review*, published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, and for sale by Zieher, Philadelphia.—*The Green Hand*, a Short Yarn, No. 2, price 12½ cents, published by Harpers, for sale by Zieher.—*Celio*, or New York Above Ground and Under Ground, by G. G. Foster. Dewitt & Davenport. Price, 25 cents.—*Santee*, a Poem, by Careless Ned.—*Singleton Fontenoy*, by James Hannay, and *The Luttrells*, by Folkestone Williams, Nos. 149, 150 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels. Price, 25 cents each.—*Liebig on the Juices of the Animal Body and on the Potato Disease*. T. B. Peterson. Price, 25 cents.—*Pride and Prejudice*, by T. S. Arthur. T. B. Peterson, 25 cents.—*Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, Part 9. Harpers, 25 cents.—*Shakespeare's Dramatic Works*, No. 28, *Timon of Athens*, No. 29, *Coriolanus*, each with a steel engraving of the heroine, price 25 cents. Phillips and Sampson, publishers.—*Pendennis*, No. 7, and not the last. Harpers, 25 cents.—*Southern Quarterly Review*, edited by W. Gilmore Simms, and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—*The Divorced Wife*, by T. S. Arthur. T. B. Peterson, price 25 cents.—*London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *North British Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* for November and December, all published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, and for sale by Zieher & Co., Philadelphia. Each \$3 a year, for any two \$5, for three \$7, for four \$8, for all five \$10.—*The Mentor*, by H. Hastings Weld. Published by Stavely & McCalla. Price, \$1 a year.

FASHIONS.



FIG. 1.

WALKING TOILETTE.

FIG. 2.

HOME TOILETTE.

FIG. 1. *Walking Toilette*.—Drawn bonnet of satin, trimmed with biases of velvet épingle and narrow blond; face open, with an undertrimming of bunches of small white flowers, placed at the sides below the cheeks; cape or bavolet fluted. Shawl-mantelet of *nacarat* velvet. The colour denominated *nacarat* is a bright orange-red. This mantelet is ornamented all around near the edges with a beautiful *passementerie* embroidery. The skirt is rounded

behind, but sloped into long points in front. Robe of light green damask, without trimming, of course: skirt very full. Puffing undersleeves of delicate muslin.

FIG. 2. *Home Toilette*.—Small round cap of lace trimmed at the side with a bunch of blue riband, and having long broad floats of lace falling to the back of the shoulders. Redingote of mode-coloured merino of the kind and style called in Paris *à disposition*. Different varieties of this

material receive at this time much favour in that metropolis. It requires no trimming except what is woven in the stuff, which is always *en tablier* (apron-like) in front of the skirt and corsage. That of our figure consists of satin-like stripes of deeper shade than the rest of the material, six in front of the skirt, four upon the corsage, and two around the sleeves. Another style of this material, noticed in the French journals of fashion, has a dust-gray ground, spotted with small scattered bunches of cherry-coloured flowers. On each side in front is a broad satin stripe of the same colour as the ground of the material, and on each side of this broad stripe are numerous narrow ones, in colour corresponding with the flowers. But to return to our figure. The sleeves are pagodas, demi-long, close and plain at the shoulders. The waist of the corsage is long and furnished with short skirts, giving it somewhat the appearance of a sack-pardessus. Small collar of English embroidery. Undersleeves of plain muslin with ruffles or cuffs turned up.

FIG. 3. *Dinner Toilette*.—Cap of embroidered tulle, forming a point toward the forehead. It is open, *en coquille* on each side, for the purpose of enclosing a trimming composed of tufts of ringlets made of gauze-riband, No. 1, which constitutes a very pretty and graceful ornament. From the midst of each of these masses of the riband, depend long ends of the same, extending entirely over and covering the ears.

Robe of glacé taffetas. Corsage open before; waist long; pagoda sleeves. The opening of the corsage is crossed by five rows of a trimming composed as follows. First a volant of taffetas is cut out in pointed scallops, then upon the face of this volant is gathered black lace in width about three-fourths that of the taffetas, and finally a narrow fancy riband with a drawing-string passing through the upper part, forms a very pretty head for the trimming, and falls over the upper edge of it. Nine rows of the same trimming are arranged *en tablier* upon the skirt. These ornaments are graduated from above and below toward the waist, the upper and lower ones being both longer and wider than the others, which decrease gradually, but the riband head is No. 3, throughout. Around the sleeves are two rows of the same trimming. The chemisette and undersleeves are of embroidered tulle, the embroidering being at the edge and next to it four narrow smooth plaits.

A. B. C.



FIG. 3.—DINNER TOILETTE.

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!

THE high position which SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE has assumed in regard to its literary character has, we believe, never been questioned. No American, and no European, magazine has ever arrayed in its support a more accomplished corps of contributors. Minds of the highest order have, from the first, been employed to write for it. With a view, however, to draw forth, for the use of their readers, articles of still greater value, the proprietors have determined, in addition to the present outlay for literary contributions, to offer the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, for TEN PRIZE ARTICLES; to be published monthly till the series is completed.

This offer is entirely different from the usual schemes bearing the same name. Those schemes generally propose an apparently high price for a few stories, without putting any limit upon the length, and claiming as gratuitous all that do not gain a prize. Thus they often, under the appearance of liberality, are only lotteries to secure a large amount of matter at a small price. Thus, also, their proprietors fill out their periodicals from month to month with stories of interminable length,—the author who will offer the longest story being pretty sure to gain the prize. In our plan, on the contrary, the writers are limited as to space, no article being accepted which exceeds a very moderate length. We want the BEST articles, not the longest. Moreover, *all the pieces which do not gain a prize are to be returned to the authors, unless otherwise negotiated for.* In other words, the publishers offer

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to pay for each of these special articles the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Their object is to secure, besides their usual variety and excellence of matter, a series of monthly articles entirely superior to anything heretofore published in the magazines. They have determined to place their magazine, in respect to its literary character, beyond the reach of competition.

The pieces offered in competition must be presented by the first of April, 1851. They may be tales, essays, or articles of a miscellaneous character, according to the taste or judgment of the writers, but must be on subjects of general interest, must be of a character suited to interest the great mass of readers, must contain something striking and likely to arrest attention, and must, moreover, be of moderate length,—say about six or eight magazine pages.

In selecting from the articles offered, the proprietors will be governed by the decision of a committee of competent and disinterested judges, whose names will be announced in the March number of the Magazine. The publication of the series will be commenced immediately after the decision of the committee, and each article will be paid for the month upon which it is published.

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